

KALED.

FROM THE BYRON GALLERY.

THE Tale of Lara is a continuation of The Corsair, but unlike the most of sequels it fully equals its precursor. The Corsair as Lara, and Gulnare as Kaled his page, are the chief characters. A slight sketch of the latter is here given, as connected with the engraving.

Of higher birth he seem'd, and better days,  
Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays,  
So femininely white it might bespeak  
Another sex, when match'd with that smooth  
check,  
But for his garb, and something in his gaze,  
More wild and high than woman's eye betrays;  
A latent fierceness that far more became  
His fiery climate than his tender frame:  
True, in his words it broke not from his breast,  
But from his aspect might be more than guess'd.  
Kaled his name, tho' rumor said he bore  
Another ere he left his mountain shore;  
For sometimes he would hear, however nigh,  
That name repeated loud without reply,  
As unfamiliar, or if roused again,  
Start to the sound, as but remembered then;  
Unless 'twas Lara's wonted voice that spake,  
For then, ear, eyes, and heart would all awake.

The death of Lara is described with vigor and beauty, and the discovery of Kaled's real sex is made with tenderness and delicacy.

Yet sense seem'd left, tho' better were its loss;  
For when one near display'd the absolving cross,  
And proffer'd to his touch the holy bead,

Of which his parting soul might own the need,  
He looked upon it with an eye profane,  
And smiled—Heaven pardon! if 'twere with  
disdain:

And Kaled, tho' he spoke not, nor withdrew  
From Lara's face his fix'd despairing view,  
With brow repulsive, and with gesture swift,  
Flung back the hand which held the sacred gift,  
As if such but disturb'd the expiring man,  
Nor seem'd to know his life but then began,  
That life of Immortality, secure  
To none, save them whose faith in Christ is  
sure.

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But gasping heaved the breath that Lara drew,  
And dull the film along his dim eye grew;  
His limbs stretched fluttering, and his head  
droop'd o'er

The weak yet still centring knee that bore;  
He pressed the hand he held upon his heart—  
It beats no more, but Kaled will not part  
With the cold grasp, but feels and feels in vain,  
For that faint throb which answers not again.  
"It beats!" Away, thou dreamer! he is gone—  
It once was Lara whom thou look'st upon.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh! never yet beneath  
The breast of man such trusty love may breathe.  
That trying moment hath at once revealed  
The secret long and yet but half-concealed;  
In baring to revive that lifeless breast  
Its grief seem'd ended, but the sex confest;  
And life return'd, and Kaled felt no shame—  
What now to her was Womanhood or Fame!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

POEMS BY H. G. K.

A CONFESSION.

When first I looked upon thy face,  
O sister of the meek-eyed Dove!  
I wondered at its gentle grace,  
But never thought of love.

And when again, in later days,  
Thy simple tale of grief I heard,  
My heart outwent my lips' weak praise,  
But ne'er a pulse was stirred.

Slowly, at length, the feeling grew,  
All common passions far above;  
I found that when myself I knew,  
To know thee was to love.

But now, when years have passed, and these  
Have brought us mutual joy and pain,  
When children gathering round our knees  
But closer draw the chain;

From loneliness, despair, or strife,  
I find my days have been so free  
If my late love grew dear to me,  
How precious is the wife!

Nor thou with disappointment hear  
A secret I had ne'er confessed,  
Were that slow trust that made thee dear  
Less rooted in my breast.

Nor thine the vain and wanton look  
On which the moths of passion feed,  
Nor is thy soul such trivial book  
As he who runs may read.

Nor envy I the vagrant race  
Whose loves as soon as felt are gone,  
Who wander on from face to face  
Till age shall leave them lone.

The gourd that in a night appeared,  
Next noon had withered on the sand;  
The oak a hundred years have reared,  
For ages crowns the land.

## MOVEMENT.

(INDIA, 1853.)

In the dismal polar world,  
As the night of months wears on,  
The ice-bound ship, her white wings furled,  
Lies torpid, and alone.

At times the sailors hear  
Strange voices of the night,  
And see the streamers, far and near,  
Of the transient northern light.

The months draw on, night wanes,  
Slow creeps the spreading dawn,  
A soft wind stirs the slumbering vanes,  
The winter's power is gone.

House awnings, hoist your sails,  
Your vessel moves at last;  
No matter, if Atlantic gales  
Should snap each straining mast;

Nor if through crashing floes,  
Or mountain waves she roam;  
Through icebergs and through storm she goes  
To the happier skies of HOME.

There is a land fast bound,  
In chains of age-long night,  
Encompassed by unfruitful sound,  
And false precarious light.

The ages wear, night wanes,  
She stirs in her helpless rest,  
Loosens her old obdurate chains,  
Sees day spring from the west!

Blow, low, or loud, each breath,  
To regions light and warm;  
Where calm is harbinger of death,  
How welcome is the storm!

Brethren! if slanderous speech  
Press heavy on your heart,  
Remember truth is vast, and each  
Beholds her but in part.

And if to alien view  
We seem to slumber yet,  
God sees the work begun by you,  
And He will not forget.

## THE POET AND THE PASSIONS.

The winds come forth from South and North,  
Through the World they go,  
And divers are the ends they work,  
And places where they blow.

Some howl along the Polar snows,  
Where the riving Icebergs roar;  
And some sail o'er the weltering Sea,  
And drive tall Ships before.

Some breathe on Mills by thymy downs,  
And some through Gardens fair

Steal 'mid the flowers, and moist tree-leaves,  
And in young lovers' hair.

And others waste their strength and life,  
On whirling spires of sand,  
Till men the gathered poison take,  
By Suez or the Caspian Lake,  
From Fez to Samarcand.

Our passions thus in solitude  
Are driven round and round;  
Unrecognized by learned ears,  
They howl in stony ground.

Time was the poet's music rose,  
On every breeze that stirred;  
In Nature's free, unquestioned joy,  
He sang as sings the bird.

Yon trifler of the curious pipe,  
With all his high wrought art,  
May for a moment please the ear,  
But cannot touch the heart:

In a night of fabled innocence,  
His simple fancies flow,  
With cold fantastic images,  
Like Moonlight on the snow;

While through the darkling ways of life,  
The earnest crowds grope on,  
And though they may not tell their care,  
The old delight is gone.

Speak in the darkness words of truth,  
Upon the crowded ways,  
Oh Poet, if such man there be,  
In these material days!

Thou must ignore thy heart no more,  
In quaint reluctant rhymes,  
If thou wouldst seek to cure indeed  
The madness of the times:

Tell those, like fire whose souls aspire,  
That God himself is love;  
And that the Heaven they seek to reach  
Is round them, not above:

Tell those whose self-deemed virtue brooks  
No intercourse with sin,  
God loves not whitened sepulchres,  
With rottenness within:

Tell those who sneer because their eyes  
Embrace not all His plan,  
The Steam-engine does many things,  
But cannot make a man:

The accidents of time and space,  
Their ripening lore may know;  
The human soul as well was read,  
Two thousand years ago.

The air that makes the furnace glow,  
O'er flowery meads has blown,  
Man lives by every breath of God,  
And not by bread alone.

From the Morning Chronicle.

# THE LIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER IN FIFTY PICTURES.\*

It is long since we have met with a book so pleasant, so fresh, so deeply interesting, so full of matter compactly and elegantly put together, so profusely and artistically illustrated, and, above all, so original in its style, presenting to the reader the incidents, events, journeys, opinions, and in general the sayings and doings of the great Reformer. At first, when we saw the life of Martin Luther, "the German Reformer," we confess we were startled. "Here, now, is some dull compilation, by some plodding writer; it is very hard to review what has been so often reviewed before." When, however, our eyes fell upon "in fifty pictures, from designs by Gustav König" the aspect of affairs brightened. "Here we said to ourselves is something new, refreshing, and original;" and so, on opening the book, we found it. Instead of a connected narrative, the events linked together by jog-trot details of much that is unworthy of being recorded, and even that often interrupted by tedious discussions on trivial historic events not bearing on the subject, or by long disquisitions upon ecclesiastical topics, we found a string of paragraphical gems, each giving, in a few pithy words, an account of every important incident, phase of mind, or change of opinion, of the checkered and eventful life of the great German. The connection we perceived to be in the spirit, not in the form; we leap from point to point, instead of dully crawling between them through the bog of verbiage which too often encumbers without informing. And not only that, but in general, facing every what we may call memorandum, is an exquisite woodcut, of course representing the subject, conceived in the purest spirit of art, and the sentiment, feelings, and passions in different visages admirably hit off, and the drawing faultless.

The detached biography is the work of M. Gelzer, "his object being," he says, "to present to his countrymen a book which should renew in fresh outlines the image of their great intellectual hero—a book which a father might read to his domestic circle, and which might accompany the young student to his school." These objects M. Gelzer has effected with marvellous success. He possesses a rare power of condensation, and gives more in one paragraph than many an author in a page. Instinctively he hits upon the right

point, and verifies and illustrates the story by short citations—they are hardly extracts—from the contemporary biographers of Martin Luther. The religious tone of the book is perfectly candid—as free from Protestant as from Roman Catholic bigotry. The opinions of Luther alone are given—the comments only illustrate and set forth. In the concluding portion of the few prefatory words which M. Gelzer addresses to his readers, he quotes a quaint, but, we think, a perfectly sound, sentiment of Frederick Schlegel's, who, after having become a Roman Catholic himself, "recommends all his co-religionists to look upon every earnest Protestant as a future Catholic," and adds "that it would be wise were Protestants to look upon every sincere Catholic, and love him as a future Protestant."

We now proceed to the text and illustrations of the book, which are done in a style of pithy condensation, which, if we be not much mistaken, will make a great impression, and be widely imitated in English literature.

The first engraving is that of Martin Luther's birth. The father, on his knees, is devoting the infant to the service of his Lord and Maker, and the mother lies motionless in an antique German bed, with her hands clasped upon her breast. Conrad Schlüssburg relates that the father used often to pray that God might grant the boy grace—remembering his name—Luther, *i. e.*, *luter* (pure), to forward the pure doctrine. The quaint pun, if it may be so called, is curiously characteristic. Luther at school confesses, "I was well whipped fifteen times," and complains bitterly of the state of the schools in his boyhood, and the ignorance of the masters, who could teach the children nothing, but were merciless tyrants and flagellators, the schools being mere prisons or even hells. The rod in the master's hand in the illustration indicates the remark. The love of music was developed in the young Martin from his earliest boyhood, and a characteristic delineation represents him with some young companions as a chorister, "at the door of Mistress Ursula Cotta, singing," as he himself observes, "for his daily bread." He adds, in beautifully touching words:—

It is stated (he says), and it is true, that the Pope himself has been a poor scholar; therefore despise not those poor lads who cry at your door, *Panem propter Deum!* and sing their song for their daily bread. I myself was once such a screaming boy, and have sought my bread at people's doors, particularly in my beloved city of Eisenach.

Repulsed from several doors, and much depressed, he arrives at length with his choir before the hospitable dwelling of his future foster-mo-

\* The Life of Martin Luther, the German Reformer, in Fifty Pictures, from designs by Gustav König. To which is added a sketch of the Rise and Progress of the Reformation in Germany. London: Nathaniel Cooke, Milford House, Strand.

ther, the good Mistress Cotta, "a devout matron, who gave him a place at her table, because she had conceived a warm affection for the boy, on account of his singing and his ardent prayer." In the house of this his fostering friend and comforter he became intimate with a higher comforter, music, that noble relief to his war-worn spirit. Here he learnt to play on several musical instruments.

We can hardly understand this circumstance, but the probability is that, devoting himself to scholarship, he joined those wandering bands of choristers who, in every considerable German town, sung psalms and hymns for alms. One of the first important events in Luther's life was his finding a Latin Bible in the University library at Erfurt. The incident is fully illustrated; and we need not refer to the influence which the sacred volume exercised upon his opinions and the bent of his mind. He remarks, and with reason, on the number of "texts, epistles, and gospels" which the book contained, and which he never heard in the homilies from the pulpits. He read, on finding the book, the history of Samuel and his mother Anna, "and begins to wish with his whole heart that our good God would give him some day such a book to be his own." How inexpressibly beautiful is this mental prayer, both in sentiment and the perfect simplicity of the words. From that day Luther abandoned Aristotle and the Schoolmen.

The next great event, following close upon the last, is most artistically represented by the artist. We quote the event which produced it:—

Presentiments of death in frightful forms arise before the thoughtful mind of young Luther—a university friend (Alexis is said to have been his name) is suddenly killed: a thunderstorm surprises and terrifies him during a solitary ramble. The two events mature in him the resolution to withdraw from the world, and devote himself entirely to God.

When his good friend is killed, and a violent storm and fearful clap of thunder alarm him greatly, and he is filled with dread of the wrath of God and the last judgment, he resolves and makes a vow that he will enter a monastery, there to serve God and be reconciled unto him by the reading of masses; also to attain his eternal salvation by monastic sanctity. "Help, Saint Anna!" he cried, when the lightning struck close beside him, "and I will forsooth become a monk."

The artist has designedly adopted the above legendary version of this event in Luther's life, according to which his friend was killed beside him; and we see his two mighty monitors of death—the corpse of his friend and the lightning—united to create one impression.

Luther performs his vow, takes the oaths,

and becomes a monk in the monastery of the Augustine Friars, at Erfurt, on July 17, 1505. The novelty seems to please him. He still retains his Virgil and Plautus; but he writes to his father the following significant sentence:—

"I became a monk," he wrote some time afterwards to his father, "not willingly, still less to fatten my body, but because when I was encompassed by the terror and fear of quick-coming death, I vowed a forced and hasty vow."

Only two Latin poets, Virgil and Plautus, now his sole property, accompanied him into the cell of the cloister; he crossed its threshold while yet engaged in anxious internal strife. Like a prophecy of future liberation did the statue of St. Augustine, the tutelary saint of his order, whose words were destined at a later period to become for him a guide to the living waters, look down upon him.

"I entered the monastery and left the world (he says) despairing of myself. I thought God would not take my part; and if I meant to go to heaven and be saved, it must be by my own efforts. For this reason I became a monk, and labored hard."

Still Luther thinks it, on May 2, 1507, "a fine thing to be a new priest, and to celebrate mass for the first time. Blessed was the woman who had borne a priest; a consecrated person, as compared with a common baptized Christian, was like the morning star compared to a flickering wick." These rhapsodical utterances were evidently the morbid fruit of a false, hollow enthusiasm—a view amply supported by the well-known fact that the Great Reformer worked himself into such a nervous state, that he fainted, and was revived by music. He afterwards, however, received more substantial consolation at the hands of an earnest and pious monk. The upturned and eager features of Luther, as he clasps the old friar's shoulders, are admirably represented, and the portrait is most faithful. Luther next begins, as a bachelor of arts, to lecture on philosophy and divinity. By this time he has got a Bible, and knows the page of every text. His prayer at Erfurt was soon granted. In the illustration to the lecturing there are several portraits of learned and theological worthies, who appear to listen with great heed, while two scribes record the discourse. The next picture represents the rising orator as preaching to the monks in the monastery, and as delivering his sentiments with fiery energy, the different expression of the monks being admirably given. Before this, Dr. Pollich, "who was at that time a *lux mundi*," is recorded to have said, and with great truth, "That monk will confound all the learned doctors, propound a new doctrine, and reform the whole Roman Church, for he studies the writings of the prophets and the



Evangelists, he relies on the words of Jesus Christ. No one can subvert that, either with philosophy or sophistry."

Luther rose rapidly in the Church. He was soon made vicar-general of the Augustine order, and we have little doubt that, had he remained in the Roman Catholic Church, he would have reached the Popedom, and concentrated the wonderful powers of his genius—combining vast energy, great learning, fiery, and now genuine enthusiasm, with a most hearty hatred of all ecclesiastical abuses—upon the reform of the Church. But it was better ordered.

"Luther the teacher is also to have a cure of souls—the man of the school is to become the man of the Church." His first sermons—until the Town Church was opened to him—were preached in the small, ruinous chapel of his monastery, which, says Myronius, may be compared to the stable in which Christ was born.

In this miserable building it was the will of God that his gospel was to be preached, and his beloved Son Jesus Christ as it were to be born again; not one among the cathedrals or other grand churches did he choose for these excellent sermons. "When I was a young preacher," says Luther himself, "I was fully in earnest and would willingly have made all the world pious.—God has led me to it as he did Moses. Had I known all beforehand, he would have had greater trouble ere he had led me thus far. Well, as I have begun, I will go through with this work."

In the year 1510 a vow and a mission from his monastery led Luther to Rome, where he was startlingly undeceived as to the Church of which he was a member. "There he saw his holy father the Pope, and his pompous religion, and his impious courtiers." The shock which he received was an additional inducement for him to persevere in the path which he had marked out for himself. On beholding the distant walls of Rome, he had raised his hands and cried, "I greet holy Rome—yes, truly holy through the blood of the martyrs which was therein shed." His sentiments at leaving it may be gathered from the following extract:—

Luther left the holy city with a sharp thorn in his side. "I would wish that every one who is to become a preacher had been first in Rome, and seen how matters are carried on there." Mathesius says that he frequently expressed himself to the effect, "he would not take a thousand florins not to have been at Rome." I have myself heard it said at Rome, "It is impossible that matters can remain in that state; things must change or break down." Again, Pope Julius said, "If we do not choose to be pious ourselves, let us at least not prevent others." I have heard say at Rome, "If there be a hell, Rome has been built on the

top of it. Rome has been the most holy city, but now it has become the most unrighteous and disgraceful. Whoever has been at Rome knows well that things are worse there than can be expressed in words, or believed."

On his return, in 1512, Luther was solemnly sanctified in his great work as teacher of his people and his Church. The scenes of his recent journey to Rome are represented by four engravings in a page. First, his setting forth, convoyed by two of his monastic brethren; next his rapture at seeing Rome; then, the centre, and main one, his disgust at the pomp of the Pope; and lastly, his departure—his extended arm appearing to denounce the abominations of the city which he was leaving.

Luther was in the same year as he returned from the "Holy City" created vicar-general of the Augustines, which office he held for some years. The following extracts from a letter to an Erfurt friend give a perfect picture of the man:—

I might find work for two clerks almost, for I am occupied all day in writing letters. I am preacher to the brotherhood, reader at meals (*ecclesiast*), have to preach daily before the community, am also inspector of studies.—I am vicar; and that means as much as ten priors (*id est undecies prior*). I lecture on St. Paul and on the Psalms; and am, beside all this, overburdened with household matters.

The word of a brother repeated and made known from the Scripture, and spoken in times of trouble and danger, is weighty and important. If thou believe as firmly as thou ought, he writes in 1516, then bear patiently with thy disorderly and erring brethren; look upon their sins as thine own, and whatever of good there be in thee, let it be theirs. If thou be a rose and lily of Christ, know that thy path must lie among thorns, and see that thyself become not a thorn through impatience, haughtiness, or secret pride.

On this journey of visitation already he became conscious in his inmost soul of his future calling; for when he learnt, in the monastery at Grimma, how Tetzel, the trafficker in indulgences, was carrying on his trade at the neighboring town of Wurzen, he exclaimed angrily, "I will make a hole in this drum, so God will!"

It was the first distant lightning-flash, the premonitor of the coming storm. The Reformer was prepared for his great work.

Luther had now entered upon his great career by affixing his ninety-five theses to the church door at Wittenberg, and refusing absolution to the customers of a friar named Tetzel, who sold indulgences. Tetzel answered them, and the students of Wittenberg burnt his reply. Summoned before Cardinal Cajetan, at Augsburg, Luther defended his doctrines. The Cardinal confirmed his by saying

that, as he represented the Pope, he was infallible. This interview is very strikingly represented by Gustav König. The Cardinal then flings his written defence before Luther, saying, "Appear not before my eyes until thou recant." Luther that night left Augsburg. His life now became one of controversy. At Leipsic he contended with a Dr. Eck—Melancthon was present. The artist has given an able portrait of his noble face, expressive of deep meditation on Luther's arguments. Our hero's next exploit is to burn the Pope's bull concerning the Wittenberg doctor. After this "the man of the German nation" was summoned to Worms, where he appeared before the Emperor. The representation of the scene is very striking, and the portraits appear to be very faithfully executed. Luther had been summoned to prove whether the power of conscience was stronger in him than any other consideration. The answer was strongly in the affirmative. He was outlawed by the Emperor, as he had been excommunicated by the Pope, and he was being sent by the former to a place of confinement, when a band of Germans attacked the escort, and rescued the hero of controversy. The representation of the rescue is exceedingly spirited, well drawn, and well grouped.

Luther's next performance was the great and noble one of the translation of the Bible, which he partially achieved, hid in a solitary Thuringian castle, under the name of Master George. Disguised as a knight he carried his precious volume to Wittenberg, where, to his grief, he found that his doctrines had sown the seeds of fanaticism, and that the people had risen to break the images of saints in the streets and churches. The representation of Luther pleading with the mob is a very impressive one. Assisted by Melancthon, Luther continues his translation, and preaches at Seeburg against the rebellious peasants, who were using his doctrines as an excuse for pillage and murder. Having partially put down the tumults of these Iconoclasts, Luther returned to his Bible and to "the symbolical erection of a Christian household, to the foundation of a family in the true German and evangelical spirit." In pursuance of this idea, on June 13, 1525, Luther married a lady named Katharina, to whom he had been long attached. The parentage and second name of the bride are not given—a palpable omission. The ceremony was of course a civil one, in the house of the town clerk of Wittenberg, and on the conclusion Luther uttered the following prayer:—

"Beloved heavenly Father," so did he pray, "as thou hast given me the honor of thy name and of thine office, and wilt also that I should be

called and be honored as a father, grant me grace and bless me, that I may govern and nourish my dear wife, child, and servants in a divine and Christian manner. . . . I have not known how to refuse to my beloved Lord and Father this last act of obedience to his will which he claimed of me, in the good hope that God may grant me children. Also that I may confirm my doctrine by this my act and deed; seeing that I find still so many faint hearts, notwithstanding the shining light of the Gospel. . . . I have reaped such great discredit and contempt from this my marriage, that I hope the angels will rejoice and the devils weep. The world and her wisacres know not nor understand this work, that it is divine and holy . . . If matrimony be the work of God, what wonder that the world should be offended thereat? Is it not also offended that its own God and maker has taken upon himself our flesh and blood, and given it for its salvation, as a redemption and as food? . . . Matrimony drives, hunts and forces man into the very innermost and highest moral condition; that is to say, into faith—since there is no higher internal condition than faith, which dependeth solely upon the word of God. . . . Let the wife think thus: My husband is an image of the true high head of Christ. In the same manner the husband shall love his wife with his whole heart, for the sake of the perfect love which he seeth in Christ, who gave himself for us. Such will be a Christian and divine marriage, of which the heathens know nothing. . . . It is the highest mercy of God when a married couple love each other with their whole hearts through their whole lives." And this mercy he enjoyed. "My Kate is obedient and amenable to me in all things, more so than I had dared to hope. So that I deem myself richer than Cræsus."

On the 25th of June, 1530, the celebrated Augsburg Confession of Faith was proclaimed at the court of the Bishop of Augsburg, before the Emperor and the country—a different state of matters from that which had prevailed on Luther's last appearance before that mighty potentate. The reformers in the accompanying illustration are slyly grouped on the right, and their opponents on the left hand. The translation of the Bible now continued rapidly, and by the active assistance of several learned men, including Melancthon, was at length finished. A portrait group of the translators is given. The next work undertaken by the great Reformer was the improvement of schools and the introduction of the catechism. "I hold," said Luther, "that the magistrates ought to force parents to send their children to school. Can they not force their subjects to bear pikes and muskets in war time? Why not much more to send their children to school?" The scheme prospered greatly, and the "fifteen whippings" system was abolished for ever. It was then that, in what was now beginning to be called the Reformed Evangelical Religion, the sys-

tem of preaching doctrine spread widely. In the illustration of Luther in the pulpit, everything looks evangelical—the baptismal font and the altar, the organ music, the hymn-book, and the poor-box. In the sacrament of the communion Luther retained the "Real Presence," but more, we suspect, from policy than belief. The Reformed Church congregations were split in opinion upon the point, and Luther held it the safer way to let the old doctrine stand. Meantime the Elector, John the Constant, held frequent religious communion with Luther, who expounded to him the Bible; and when the latter, in February, 1537, was stretched on a bed of sickness, the Elector visited him and comforted him. The illustrations of these several events are wonderfully individual. The eagerness with which the Elector drinks in the instructions and explanations of Luther, and, in the sick-bed scene, the important looks and musing air of the physicians—one of whom is an Eastern—contrast with the placid face of Melancthon, who probably exhausted by watching, has fallen asleep over the book which he has been studying. The next picture represents Luther sitting for his portrait to Lucas Cranach, to whom we owe the sole representation we have of the face of Luther. The artist is a curious-looking, short-necked, and high-shouldered man, with a long beard. Melancthon looks over the artist's shoulder, and a lady is spinning from a distaff. We have just had Luther on a sick bed, and now we come to Melancthon in the same predicament, only looking much more exhausted and worn than his friend:—

Melancthon had suddenly fallen sick at Weimar, while on his way to the monastery at Hagenau: Presentiments of death had accompanied him thither; and a mental affliction which undermined his strength, threatened the speedy dissolution of the almost exhausted powers of life; his delicately strung mind was tormented by the bitterest pain that can assail a poor mortal; he was at war with himself, for his conscience could not find rest from the reproach that he had not resisted more heroically the desires and demands of the Landgrave of Hesse, and had thus, it might be said, sanctioned, in part at least, a public slight offered to the Evangelical Church.

At the call of the Elector, Luther and Kreuziger came to him: the former saw with terror the corpse-like form of his friend, the failing eyes, the fleeting sense. "God preserve me!" he cried, "how has the devil destroyed this *organon*!" and turning to the window, he poured out his anxious soul in the boldest and most glowing prayer. Words passed through his soul and crossed his lips which, coming from another mouth, might be condemned as blasphemy, but which in him arose from the very depth of a sublime confidence in God, and from an unconditional faith in the Scriptures. "This time I

besought the Almighty with great vigor; I attacked him with his own weapons, quoting from Scripture all the promises I could remember, that prayers should be granted, and said that he must grant my prayer if I was henceforth to put faith in his promises." He then took the hand of the sick man, saying, "Be of good courage, Philip, thou shalt not die; although the Lord might see cause to kill, yet wills he not the death of the sinner, but rather that he should turn to him and live! God hath caused the greatest sinners unto mercy; how much less, then, will he cast off thee, my Philip, or destroy thee in sin and sadness! Therefore do not give way to grief, do not become thy own murderer, but trust in the Lord, who can kill and bring to life, who can strike and heal again." Melancthon would rather have passed away in sleep to eternal peace, than have returned to earthly strife; but the spiritually powerful words of Luther recalled him, "No, no, Philip, thou must serve the Lord our God still further!"

He recovered; "recalled from death unto life," he says himself, "by divine power;" and Luther rejoicingly said, "he would bring back the Magister Philip, with the help of God, from the grave to cheerfulness."

This is truly "wrestling with the Lord in prayer." The next picture represents Luther sitting, surrounded by his children and friends, singing the new hymns and chants of the reformed German Church, and truly the group is a pleasant one, and exquisitely arranged. Luther sits upon the centre of a dais with a child at each knee, the expression of his face showing the mild animation produced by the mingled song of sentiment. This was the first introduction of religious choral singing into the German domestic circle. Luther composed many, set in four parts, and amongst others the Old Hundredth Psalm, perhaps the most melodious outpouring in the simplest notes ever written. Another beautiful family-scene is Luther in his garden, under a grape-clustered trellis, surrounded by his family. The winter pleasures represent Luther with his children clustered around, the youngest in its night-dress nestling against his breast, while he listens to his wife, who leans on his shoulder. At a little distance Luther's eldest son is shooting down apples from an illuminated tree, under the direction of Melancthon, who looks greatly emaciated after his illness. These family illustrations are amongst the prettiest things in the book. The artist has applied all his powers to them, and succeeded in producing perfect pictures of domestic love, innocence, and peace.

But the scene changes, and Luther stands beside the coffin of his eldest and best beloved daughter Magdalena, who died "ripe for heaven" at the tender age of fourteen. The scene is in a vault, and is given by the artist with great power. The next illustration is episodic, relating to a man named

Hans Kohlbase, who originally "an honest, much respected man, of a vigorous mind, but passionate," was driven to desperation by a series of injuries for which there was no redress, became a robber, and, repentant, flings himself before Luther. The agonized face of the penitent strikingly contrasts with the serenity of the features of his confessor. The man, however, relapsed into his old ways, and was ultimately tried, condemned, and executed. We continue amongst horrors—Luther administering spiritual comfort amongst a group of despairing wretches struck down by the plague and writhing amid the dead. This awful disease ravages Wurtemberg in 1516, 1527, and 1535; and on these three occasions he was from beginning to end in the middle of the sick—wonderfully preserved, as it seemed at this time, for further works, but only one of which he even partially accomplished—namely, a visit to the frontiers, to try whether he could not reconcile a dispute between the two Counts of Mansfield. His wife had a presentiment that he would never return alive, and it was fulfilled. He died in the palace of Count Albrecht, in the presence of his two sons, who had accompanied him, and watched over by Count Albrecht and his wife, "for whose sake the weary warrior had undertaken this troublesome winter journey." The last word he spoke was in reply to the question, "Reverend father, shall you die faithful to Christ and to the doctrine you have preached?" He replied distinctly, "Yes." This was on the 18th Feb., 1546.

The great Reformer was born on November 11, 1483, so that his age was only 63, a comparatively short existence even for a man who had lived a life of such unremitting labors of mind and body, both of which, however, were equally robust. His remains were taken to Wittenberg with every funeral honor, and buried with decent pomp. His disconsolate widow and children, and the no less disconsolate Melancthon, who had stood and battled by his side through twenty-eight years

of controversial warfare, stand round the tomb.

Thus, then, died Martin Luther, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the religious heroes which the world has seen. There would be little use in sketching the character which has so frequently been portrayed in its minutest shades and in its mightiest phases, both by enemies and friends. That he had his faults of temper is the frequent failing of men of great vigor of temperament, mental and physical, and that he loved the wholesome air and the delicious wine of his Faderland is testified by the singular collection of his drinking cups, forming quite a museum of the beautiful and the grotesque, which is still preserved at Erfurt. Peace to his ashes! He was one of the giants of the world.

In conclusion, we would merely add that the only fault we discover in the biography is that of the translator, who, not remembering that M. Gelser wrote for a people to whom the life of Luther was familiar from their childhood, who had lisped simple stories of the career of the great Reformer, and who had, as the faculties began to develop, become masters of the minutest details of Luther's life, thoughts, and deeds. Indeed, M. Gelser expressly states that his biography is a mere outline one, trusting to the knowledge of the Germans for filling up the blanks. But the English translator has proceeded upon the literal system, and the consequence is, not a few omissions of connecting facts, and indeed, of main facts. For example, all we know of Martin Luther's wife from this volume is, that she was a good wife and a good mother, and that her name was Katharine. Again, we are not told of what disease Luther died, having left Wittenberg apparently a hale, strong, hearty man, for all we hear to the contrary. We earnestly recommend Mr. Cooke, to whom the public are so deeply indebted for the beautiful and instructive volume before us, to take means, in the second edition, to correct the faults and supply the omissions which we have pointed out.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

FROM THE TEXTS OF KEDAR.

When rolling wastes of barren sand  
Torment the exile's eye,  
And, howling o'er the thirsty land,  
The furnace blasts go by;  
When Nature seems, with furious beams,  
To glare in wrath on me,  
My breast is fain to breathe again  
The freshness of the sea.

When in the night awakes the breeze,  
I turn, in feverish sleep,

And seem to hear, in rustling trees,

The murmur of the deep:  
Thick falls the heat, the transient cheat  
But feeds my misery;  
Mine ears are fain to hear again  
The language of the sea.

Unnumbered smileings of the calm  
The billows give their God,  
To HIM goes up the awful psalm  
When tempests are abroad;  
The ocean's Lord my soul adored  
On childhood's bended knee;  
O! I am fain to share again  
The worship of the sea.

H. G. K.

From the San Francisco Herald.

### DISCOVERY OF RUINED CITIES.

THE great basin in the middle of our territory, bounded on the north by the Wahsatch Mountains and the settlements of the Mormons in Utah, on the east by the Rocky Mountains skirting the right bank of the Rio Grande, on the south by the Gila, and on the west by the Sierra Nevada, is a region still almost unknown. Trappers and mountaineers have passed all round the inner side of its rim, but none have ever crossed it, with the exception of Mr. Beale, who traversed on his recent trip its northern slope, and Captain Joe Walker, the famous mountaineer, who passed nearly through its centre, in the winter of 1850. But little, therefore, is known regarding it; but that little is exceedingly interesting, and fills the mind with eagerness to know more. From Captain Walker we have gathered many particulars regarding his celebrated trip, and the character of this mysterious land, which have never before been brought to light. There is no lack of streams within it; the Rio Colorado Chiquito, or Little Red River, runs entirely across it, about 100 miles to the north of the Gila, and almost parallel to it, and empties into the Colorado. About 120 miles still further north the San Juan follows exactly the same course as the Little Red River, and empties in Grand River, the most important branch of the Colorado. Grand River itself pursues a course a little south of west across the northern part of the basin, while the Avonkaree, a large river discovered by Mr. Beale, Green River, and the Rio Virgen, are all large streams, which drain the northern mountain rim, and run in a southerly direction into the Colorado.

The great basin between the Colorado and the Rio Grande, is an immense tableland, broken towards the Gila and the Rio Grande by detached sierras. Almost all the streams run through deep canons. The country is barren and desolate, and entirely uninhabited. But though now so bleak and forbidding, strewn all around may be seen the evidence that it was once peopled by a civilized and thickly settled population. They have long since disappeared, but their handiwork still remains to attest their former greatness. Captain Walker assures us that the country from the Colorado to the Rio Grande, between the Gila and San Juan, is full of ruined habitations and cities, most of which are on the tableland. Although he had frequently met with crumbling masses of masonry and numberless specimens of antique pottery, such as have been noticed in the immigrant trail south of the Gila, it was not until his last trip across that he ever saw a structure standing. On that occasion he had penetrated about midway

from the Colorado into the wilderness, and had encamped near the Little Red River, with the Sierra Blanca looming up to the south, when he noticed at a little distance an object that induced him to examine further. As he approached, he found it to be a kind of citadel, around which lay the ruins of a city more than a mile in length. It was located on a gentle declivity that sloped towards Red River, and the lines of the streets could be distinctly traced, running regularly at right angles with each other. The houses had all been built of stones, but all had been reduced to ruins by the action of some great heat, which had evidently passed over the whole country. It was not an ordinary conflagration, but must have been some fierce furnace-like blast of fire, similar to that issuing from a volcano, as the stones were all burnt—some of them almost cindered, others glazed, as if melted. This appearance was visible in every ruin he met with. A storm of fire seemed to have swept over the whole face of the country, and the inhabitants must have fallen before it. In the centre of this city we refer to rose abruptly a rock 20 or 30 feet high, upon the top of which stood a portion of the walls of what had once been an immense building. The outline of the building was still distinct, although only the northern angle, with walls 15 or 18 feet long, and 10 feet high, were standing. These walls were constructed of stone, well quarried and well built. All the south end of the building seemed to have been burnt to cinders, and to have sunk to a mere pile of rubbish. Even the rock on which it was built appeared to have been partially fused by the heat. Captain Walker spent some time in examining this interesting spot. He traced many of the streets and the outlines of the houses, but could find no other wall standing. As often as he had seen ruins of this character, he had never until this occasion discovered any of the implements of the ancient people. Here he found a number of handmills, similar to those still used by the Pueblos and the Mexicans for grinding their corn. They were made of light porous rock, and consisted of two pieces about 2 feet long and 10 inches wide, the one hollowed out, and the other made convex like a roller to fit the concavity. They were the only articles that had resisted the heat. No metals of any kind were found. Strewn all around might be seen numerous fragments of crockery, sometimes beautifully carved, at others painted. This, however, was not peculiar to this spot, as he had seen antique pottery in every part of the country, from San Juan to the Gila.

Captain Walker continued his journey, and noticed several more ruins a little off his route next day, but he could not stop to examine them. On this side of the Colorado he has



never seen any remains, except of the present races. The Indians have no traditions relative to the ancient people once thickly settled in this region. They look with wonder upon these remains, but know nothing of their origin. Captain Walker, who, we may remark, is a most intelligent and close observer, far superior to the generality of the old trappers, and with a wonderfully retentive memory, is of opinion that this basin, now so barren, was once a charming country, sustaining millions of people, and that its present desolation has been wrought by the action of volcanic fires. The mill discovered proves that the ancient race once farmed; the country, as it now appears, never could be tilled, hence it is inferred it must have been different in early days. They must have had sheep, too, for the representation of that useful animal was found carved upon a piece of pottery.

Lieutenant Beale states that on his first trip across the continent he discovered in the midst of the wilderness north of the Gila what appeared to be a strong fort, the walls of great thickness, built of stone. He traversed it, and found it contained 42 rooms. In the vicinity numerous balls of hard clay, from the size of a bullet to that of a grape shot, were met with. What was singular about them was the fact that frequently 10 or 20 were stuck together like a number of bullets run out of half-a-dozen connecting moulds, or like a whole baking of rolls. It is difficult to say what these were intended for. They were so hard, however, that the smaller ones could be discharged from a

gun. And now it remains for the antiquary to explore this most interesting region in the very heart of our country, and to say who were the people that inhabited it. They may have been the ancestors of the Aztecs whom Cortes found in Mexico, for they were known to have come from the north. Tradition relates that they sailed out from their northern homes directed by their prophets not to cease their march till they came across an eagle sitting upon a cactus with a serpent in its claws. This they found where the city of Mexico now stands, and there they established their dominion. This legend is still preserved in the device upon the Mexican dollar. Some remnants of the Aztecs still remained within a few years past at the ruined city of Grand Quivera, or Pecos, in the wilderness of New Mexico. Here, in deep caverns, they kept alive, with reverential care, the sacred fire, which was always to burn until the return of Montezuma. It only went out about ten years ago, when the last Indian of the tribe expired. It may be that the Pimos, south of the Gila, are an offshoot of the great Aztec nation, left behind in their march to the south. The Pimos, it is known, are far superior to the Indians of Mexico. They raise fine cotton, and from it manufacture all their clothing.

Would that some Stephens or Layard would arise to explore the wonders that lie concealed within this great basin, and bring to light the history of the strange people that once inhabited it!

**INFUSION OF COFFEE-LEAVES.**—We are promised an addition to our list of beverages that cheer but not inebriate. The leaves of the coffee-plant possess caffeine (which is identical with theine in tea) as well as the berry, and are used in preference by the natives of Sumatra. Specimens of the prepared leaves were shown in the Great Exhibition by Dr. Gardner, with the caffeine extracted from them, and the consequence has been that the planters of Ceylon are now soliciting tenders for coffee-leaves by the ton. "With a little boiled rice," says an English gentleman writing from Padang, "and the infusion of the coffee leaf, a man will support the labors of the field in rice-planting for days and weeks successively, up to the knees in mud, under a burning sun or drenching rains, which he could not do by the use of simple water, or by the aid of spirituous or fermented liquors. I have had opportunity of observing for twenty years the comparative use of the coffee-leaf in one class of natives, and of spirituous liquors in another—the native Sumatrans using the former, and the natives of British India settled here the latter; and I find, that while the former expose themselves with impunity for any period to every degree of heat, cold, and wet, the latter can en-

sure neither wet nor cold for even a short period, without danger to their health. . . . My own constant practice has been to take a couple of cups of strong infusion with milk in the evening, as a restorative after the business of the day. I find from it immediate relief from hunger and fatigue, the bodily strength increased, and the mind left for the evening clear and in full possession of all its faculties. . . . The price here of the leaves prepared for use is generally about 1 l-2d. a pound; and I suppose it may be prepared and packed for the European market of good quality for 2d., affording sufficient profit to the planter, and bringing it within reach of the poorest classes of Europe." The whole subject has been brought before the public in the *Pharmaceutical Journal* by Mr. Daniel Hanbury, and we hope that a fair trial will be given in Europe to this cheap and exhilarating beverage.

Judge of books, as of men. There is none wholly faultless, or perfect. That production may be said to be a valuable one, by the perusal of which a judicious reader may be the wiser and better; and is not to be despised for a few deficiencies, or inconsistencies.

From the British Quarterly Review.

- ART. III.—(1.) *Gesta Dei per Francos*. Per JACOBUM BONGARSIIUM. Hanover. 1611.
- (2.) *Itinerarium Regis Anglorum Richardi, et aliorum, in Terram Hierosolymorum*. Per GALFRIDUM VINOSALVUM. (Gale.) 1687.
- (3.) *Chronicle of Geoffrey Villehardouin, Marshal of Champagne and Romania*. (Ducange.)
- (4.) *Les Poesies du Roy de Navarre*. Par M. LEVESQUE DE LA RAVAILLIERE. 2 tomes. Paris. 1742.
- (5.) *Memoirs of Louis IX., King of France, (commonly called Saint Louis.)* By JOHN LORD DE JOINVILLE, High Seneschal of Champagne. Translated by Col. JOHNES. Hafod. 1810.

FEW subjects involve more of the romance of history than the crusades. The wild outburst of enthusiasm that aroused all Europe, and bade the Red Cross Knight set forth on his perilous adventures; the strange events that befel him in the East, and the deeds of prowess that marked his course there, have been the very themes for tale and ballad, and popular feeling still lingers with interest over them. But while the crusades have been pleasantly, though not always correctly, employed "to adorn a tale;" when they have been used by the historian to "point a moral," great difference of opinion has prevailed. From Chateaubriand, on the one hand, who views them as veritable Holy Wars, watched over by admiring saints, and aided by actual miracle, to the other extreme of the writer, who but the other day placed them in his category of "popular delusions," together with the South-Sea Bubble, and the Cock-Lane Ghost!—through all the shades of intermediate opinion,—have the crusades been viewed; although by far the greater number of our historical writers lean to the depreciatory side. The remote period at which these expeditions originated, and the widely different circumstances of the times, "those barbarous times," were probably the cause of this; but now when, happily for the truth of history, the principle of beginning at the beginning, and of letting the men of successive times speak for themselves, instead of theorizing about them, is fully recognized, and when the letter, the diary, the fragment of autobiography, have so often been found of incalculable importance in illustrating more recent events, some selections from the chronicles of those writers who were contemporary with the crusades,—especially those who actually took part in them, will supply us not only with vivid traits of a little-known period, but with materials for guiding our judgment as to the real character of these greatly misunderstood expeditions.

A species of poetical interest has been

thrown around that portion of eastern history, which refers to the khalifs of Bagdad. The pleasant Arabian Nights have familiarized us with them,—and under their most favorable aspects too,—from our very infancy; and with our increasing knowledge, we have read how learned men, deep philosophers, ere Christian Europe had awakened from slumber, were summoned to the gorgeous courts of Almanzor, of Haroun Alraschid, or Almamun, to receive the richest gifts, the most gratifying homage, and there to employ an honored leisure in enlarging the boundaries of science. Thus we have come to look with interest upon these eastern despots, and contrasting splendid Bagdad, in the days of the Abassides, with London under our Saxon kings, or Paris under the degenerate successors of Charlemagne, to view the people of Western Europe as barbarians, compared with the Arabs of the khalifate. This view has been encouraged by the very superficial account which has mostly been given of the origin of the crusades. A few words on the splendor of the khalifs, a few words on the wild and excited state of Europe during the eleventh century, a passing remark, perhaps, on the danger of fanaticism, and the writer at once plunges into the midst of his narrative, not even acquainting the reader that the dynasty of these khalifs had passed away, and that rude, and fierce, and utterly unlettered warriors,—recent proselytes, too, of the Moslem faith,—wielded the power, and sat on the throne once occupied by "the good Haroun Alraschid."

We have ample proofs that a spirit of comparative toleration existed under the sway of the Abassides; and the narratives of the early pilgrims to Jerusalem (*vide* No. XXXIII. p. 126), fully corroborate this. But when Toghril Bey, with his dependent tribes, after overthrowing the Persian empire, embraced Islamism, the sanguinary precepts of the Koran—which Gibbon has so strangely—shall we say so willingly?—overlooked, addressed themselves with peculiar cogency to their minds. "The sword is the key to heaven and hell." "God loveth those who fight for his religion in battle array," saith the Koran, and could these fierce barbarians desire a more acceptable precept? Toghril Bey died in the midst of his eastern conquests—chiefly idolators had fled before his scymetar—but to Alp Arslan, "the great lion," his nephew and successor, he bequeathed the grateful duty of waging war against the Christians. This, the great lion carried on with such hearty good will, that even Gibbon allows that 130,000 fell victims! Westward now rolled the tide of Moslem conquest; the fairest provinces of Asia-Minor were over-run, the Greek emperor became a captive in his hands, "1200 princes stood around his throne, and 200,000 soldiers marched beneath his

banner," when Alp Arslan's career was cut short by an assassin, and his son, Malek Shah, succeeded to his dominions and his projects.

Fierce had been the warfare of Alp Arslan against the Christians, but Malek Shah projected a "holy war against the Greeks, enemies of God, and his apostle." The rumor of this war soon reached Western Europe, but it seems to have awakened little attention save in one mind. Hildebrand, who as pope Gregory VII., now occupied St. Peter's chair, seems at once to have perceived the danger to Christendom, and he, in 1074, suggested the plan of an army of 50,000 *voluntary* soldiers. The time for action however was not yet, and no farther steps were taken; but it is important to notice this plan, since it proves that one of the astutest minds of the age recognized the danger, and suggested the initiatory principle of the crusades, as the remedy.

Meanwhile Jerusalem had remained an appanage to the Fatemite Khalifs of Egypt; and thither each year thousands of pilgrims flocked. The desire of visiting the Holy Land, during the eleventh century, had indeed greatly increased, and no longer in small companies, or by two and two, like St. Willibald and his brother (*vide* No. XXXIII. p. 130), did the wanderers arrive, for Ingulf, who made this pilgrimage a few years previously, tells us how they entered Jerusalem in solemn procession, and how, amid the blaze of tapers, and the clash and clang of cymbals, they were conducted by the patriarch himself to the church of the Holy Sepulchre. Seven thousand pilgrims are said to have visited this sacred place only two years before its spoliation. But in 1076, Jerusalem was taken after a most sanguinary conflict, by one of the armies of Malek Shah; 3000 citizens were massacred, the patriarch dragged by his hair to a squalid dungeon, while the pilgrims who, unconscious of what had passed, were pressing toward the holy city were plundered, or murdered.

In the present day, with our facilities of rapid communication, we can with difficulty imagine how eighteen long years should have passed, ere Western Europe was aroused, yet so it was; and although in 1083, the Greek emperor sent urgent letters, not only to the pope, but to all the Christian princes, even then nothing was done. But meanwhile a mighty impulse had begun to move the heart of Christian Europe, and slowly and steadily it gathered strength. Children who in the cradle had listened to their mother's wail over the fall of "the holy and beautiful city," or in boyhood had gazed upon the maimed and plundered pilgrim, as he told his story of paynim wrong and cruelty, grew up with feelings of stern hostility toward the unbeliever; and those feelings gained new strength as from time to time some solitary wanderer returned,

—for the pilgrimage spirit was strong as of yore,—to tell how the Cross was still trampled under foot on the very spot where our Lord endured it; while prophecies, clothed in the vivid language of the Apocalypse, pointed to coming wars, and tumults, and Satan,—bound for a thousand years,—now about to be unloosed, perchance with these very paynims as his appointed agents! There was much excitement, too, arising from many causes, pervading the popular mind at this period, and thus, nought was wanting save a voice which should give utterance to the feelings, mute as yet, which oppressed all Europe,—save a spark which should ignite the already inflammable mass.

And the agent was at hand; though little can be learnt of the history of the preacher of the first Crusade. At Amiens, we are told, during the earlier half of the eleventh century, —for his age is not known,—one Peter—we are ignorant whether he ever had any other name—was born. That this man bore arms in his youth under his liege lord, Godfrey's father, married an old and unloved wife, quitted the world in penitence, and eventually set forth on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, is all that we can learn of his youth and middle age. The date of his journey is unknown; but his stay appears to have been long, and thus he had ample opportunities of witnessing the cruelties inflicted on the few pilgrims who, even then, dared that perilous journey. He conversed with the patriarch, he watched, he meditated, he brooded over the sufferings of the pilgrims, until a vision of our Lord appeared, to his excited imagination, and he heard His voice, saying, "Arise, Peter, make haste, and whatsoever is commanded thee, do quickly. I am with thee, for the time has come when my servants must come hither, that the holy place may be cleansed." There is little doubt, we think, that Peter actually dreamt this dream, it is just of the kind which a mind excited as his would form; but in the bald simplicity with which it is told, both by William of Tyre and Albert of Aix,—the latter a contemporary,—no less than the circumstance that this is the solitary marvel assigned to Peter, even by historians eager to multiply tales of the direct interposition of heaven in favor of the subordinate leaders of the first crusade, we think we have strong proof that he was no shrewd and cunning impostor, but an upright and sincere enthusiast.

Bearing supplicatory letters from the patriarch Symeon, Peter hastened to Europe, and sought out the Pope, while about the same time the emperor Alexius sent ambassadors, praying aid against the Turkish force about to assault the eastern frontier of Europe—a Moslem crusade, indeed, against Christendom. But Gregory was in exile, and he soon after

died—not before he had given his approval to the plan of Peter the Hermit, who also obtained the sanction of Urban II., Gregory's successor. So he set forth, traversing Italy, crossing the Alps, and visiting the various kingdoms of northern Europe, summoning alike all men, from the prince to the peasant, "to avenge the wrongs of our Lord in his own land."

A wonderful man was this Peter the Hermit,—slight and low in stature, mean in person, but with flashing eye; feeble, too, as, clad in hood and tunic of unbleached wool, a coarse cloak scarcely covering his arms, and barefoot, he made his way among camps and courts, among crowded cities and unfrequented uplands, swaying all Europe by the might of his resistless eloquence. Marvellous must this have been. Would that some fragment of even one of his addresses,—even a mere sentence or two of his burning words had been preserved to us. We have many a speech of many a prelate recorded in the monkish annals of these times; we still have that of Urban at the council of Placentia, formal and prosy enough, but the rude eloquence of the soldier-hermit was, most likely, not of a kind for the learned convent writer to waste his glossy ink and choice vellum upon; and so, like the mighty effect that followed, all has passed away. The way, indeed, in which Peter the Hermit is spoken of by contemporary writers, seems to us to be very peculiar. No miracles are assigned to him, although at this period every abbey could boast of some half dozen; no labored eulogies redolent of superlatives, follow the account of his labors. Even whilst the highest praises are bestowed on Taucered, Baldwin, and Godfrey, the originator of the enterprize, in which they took part, is contemplated rather as though the writers marvelled that a man so mean and low should have wielded so mighty a power, than with admiration and love.

We know not how long the preaching of Peter extended, but it was not until March, 1095, that the Council of Placentia assembled. To this multitudes pressed; and the crusade writers expressly assert, that of these the great majority were laymen. This is important to be borne in mind; for the more closely we examine the principle of the crusades, the more shall we find that it was a mighty popular movement. Here the Greek ambassadors addressed the multitude, urging them "to repel the barbarians on the confines of Asia, rather than expect them in the heart of Europe;" while Urban, in a speech full of quotations from Jeremiah, pointed out the desolation of Jerusalem, and the miseries of her inhabitants. In November, a more important council was held, that of Clermont, whither countless numbers, still chiefly of the

laity, flocked. There, ere Urban had completed his address, that "great and heart-moving cry" burst forth, "*Deus vult! Deus vult!* Be that your war-cry," said the pontiff; and "*Deus vult*" became the response to the defiant war-cry of the paynim host, "*Allah ackbar!*" until the Croises beleagured the Holy City; and then the earnest prayer, "*Deus adjuva!*" burst forth instead.

The winter was passed in hasty preparation; for "then," says Albert of Aix, "were men leaving country, relations, wives, sons, daughters, castles, lands, towns, kingdoms,—all the sweets of this world,—quitting certain things for uncertain, seeking exile for the name of Jesus; and in what manner, with strong hand, and stout followers, they took the way to Jerusalem, boldly assaulting thousands and thousands of Turks and Saracens, and triumphing, killed them; I, though in childish and unwary style, have presumed to write." To the universality and overmastering force of this feeling, every contemporary chronicler, indeed, bears testimony. Malmesbury's account is, perhaps, the most frequently quoted; and it is curious to observe how the courtly and affected rhetorician rises, even to poetry, when he says, "They hungered and thirsted for Jerusalem alone." Guibert's testimony is similar,—and he was near the spot from whence the majority set out, perhaps even saw the vast multitude toiling along,—and he tells us how many women took part in the pilgrimage, and gives the touching picture of the poor husbandman setting out in his rude cart drawn by oxen, laden with his household stuff and little children,—not excepting the youngest,—and their wondering inquiries as they approached each castle and town, "whether this was Jerusalem?" He also bears testimony to the unselfish spirit of the multitude, declaring that they sold their valuables at any price, for arms and other necessities; and, in utter defiance of the trading principle, "buying dearly and selling cheaply," as he expressly asserts.

Winter can scarcely be said to have passed away, even in France, by the beginning of March; but on the 8th of that month, 1096, the first company of pilgrims, under the guidance of a valiant soldier, Walter Sansavoir, set forth. Gibbon has chosen to view this first expedition as one, and many writers have followed his view; but it consisted of five companies, under distinct leaders, of very different characters, and proceeding, too, by different routes, and encountering various fortunes. As this portion of crusade history has seldom even been touched upon, much less detailed at length, we shall follow the narrative as given by Albert of Aix, and Guibert, both contemporaries, and both near the

spot, remarking that, in the main particulars, William of Tyre, an accurate but later chronicler, also concurs.

The first company, under Walter Sansavoir, consisted chiefly of Franks; their number is stated at 15,000 foot, and only eight horsemen! They are said to have been sent first by the advice of Peter, who soon after followed with a multitude of men, women, and children, to the amount of 40,000. Walter, with his company, proceeded from the Rhine, through Franconia, Bavaria, and a part of Austria, to Hungary, through which they peaceably passed, paying for all that they had, until they came to Belgrade. Here, whilst the main body proceeded onward, a few, more wealthy, stayed behind to purchase arms. These were attacked and plundered, and with difficulty made their way to Walter. Guibert says, that he, unwilling to provoke a contest, passed it over, but that the authorities refused to supply them with provisions, and the starving multitude seized the cattle in the adjoining meadows, when the Bulgarians attacked them, and after an unequal and sanguinary combat,—in which many fled to a church for safety, whereupon the Bulgarians with a nice casuistry, set it on fire, being unwilling to shed blood within holy bounds—the remainder plunged into the vast forests, and after long wandering, at length arrived at Nissa, from whence the duke gave them safe conduct to the neighborhood of Constantinople.

The company led by Peter followed soon after, and took the same road. This seems to have been a "mixed multitude," with many women and children. These also passed peaceably along as far as Belgrade, and even those writers who have most severely censured their subsequent conduct, are bound to allow, that either religious principle must have been very strong, or a rigid discipline been marvellously enforced, peaceably to conduct two companies of 55,000 men, women, and children, a journey of full twelve hundred miles, through different countries, among various peoples, at a period when, save in the walled towns, there was little law and no police. At Belgrade the arms and spoils of Walter's company met the pilgrim's view. Their brethren had certainly been murdered—so the war-spirit fiercely burst forth. They attacked the city, spoiled it, and then marched onward. They now entered the vast and most bewildering forests of Bulgaria, with wagons containing provisions and other things, with the spoils of Belgrade." Seven days they toiled along, and on the eighth the wearied company approached within sight of Nissa, where "a certain river flowed before the city, under a stone bridge, through rich fields clothed with greenness and abundance." The chronicler seems to linger lovingly over this picture of peace and repose; and here, by Pe-

ter's arrangement, on those green banks, the vast multitude pitched their tents, having first sent some of their number to the duke, praying license to purchase provisions, which was "benignantly" granted, on condition of hostages being sent "lest any harm, such as at Belgrade, might be done by such a host." This permission proves that these pilgrims were not even then, viewed as the lawless crew modern writers have been disposed to consider them.

Here they remained some time, the citizens willingly supplying them with provisions: "indeed," Albert adds, "largely aiding them by charity." But, unhappily, one night, some Germans quarrelled with a Bulgarian, and, *propter contentione villissimam*, set fire to some mills on the farther side of the river. The neighboring tribes,—we must remember this was border country—were aroused, they attacked the rear of the encampment, consisting of wagons with the treasure, which they carried away, and the women and children, with the sick, whom they slew. The confusion in the camp became general, and the armed men prepared to attack the city, although it does not appear that its inhabitants had taken any part. Then Peter spoke:—

Heavy and hard is our affliction from the fury of these senseless Germans, for how many of our people have been killed by the duke's vassals in revenge is wholly unknown to me. But all our wagons with our spoils and stores are taken; so nothing better can be done, so it seems to me, than to make our way to the duke, and seek to make peace with him, because our people have acted unjustly towards him, seeing that the citizens peaceably supplied us with all necessary things.

Thus, that Peter was, on the whole, a prudent leader, and a conscientious man, we have contemporary testimony. His counsel was followed, and the chief men set out on their embassy of peace. But a thousand of the insensate youth, says Albert, "untamable, frenzied, lawless, without cause, and without reason, rushed together upon the bridge, violently crying out." In vain did Peter lift up his voice,—that voice which had summoned Christendom was for once powerless—the maddened crew rushed on, the citizens came forth, the conflict on the bridge became terrific, thousands were hurled from it into the fair stream below, and, "marvellous to say, so great was the number, that for some time, the waters of that wide river could not be discovered for the number of bodies submerged in it." Those of the pilgrims who escaped fled to the woods, from whence, when after three days' search with horns and trumpets, they were collected, about 30,000 were found remaining; and these sadly and with much toil, at length



reached the camp of their brethren near Constantinople.

Ere these pilgrims reached their destination a third company of about 15,000 men, partly knights, and partly common people, set out under the conduct of a priest named Godeschalk. These were lawless ruffians, and they commenced a complete system of spoliation, putting many Jews to death in the cities of the Rhine, on the road to Hungary; but here they were attacked, and all put to the sword. No chronicler laments their fate; for "thus was the hand of the Lord displayed against these pilgrims," says Albert, "who, for their enormous crimes, were killed by the just judgment of God." Another company, a wild and brutish rabble, from the Upper Rhine, — next set forth; they seem to have had no leader, and their numbers are not clearly stated. These Mills represents, as actually worshipping, a goose and a kid, which they carried with them! That they carried these, is asserted by both the writers whose narratives we have followed; but they merely state that the multitude believed them "to be inspired with somewhat divine." \* Now when we remember that these wretches set out from cities founded by the Romans, and remember, too, how many a Roman rite and Roman usage lingered in these, even to a far later period, we shall rather believe these animals — the goose, indeed, we know, was viewed almost as sacred by the Romans — to have been taken for the purposes of augury, and very probably to direct their way. This heathen multitude met with the same just retribution as the third company; and thus the way was cleared for the advance of the regular army of the Croises.

While these earlier expeditions have been almost overlooked, although of great importance in proving the thoroughly popular and spontaneous character of the crusades, the story of the march of Godfrey's mighty host has been often told; and with tolerable correctness Guibert tells us, that not only was Godfrey's father "a valiant man, and well versed in secular knowledge," but that his mother "was somewhat well instructed in letters," — a curious fact at this early period. And he further states, that she was accustomed to say that when her sons determined to set forth, how much she desired to go with them to Jerusalem. No wonder the crusading spirit glowed so warmly and so purely in Godfrey's breast, when he had imbibed it from the earliest teachings of his mother. And the well-appointed host, each man bearing the red cross on his right shoulder — for had not our

Lord bidden all to take his yoke on their shoulders — and furnished with the arms of that age, — the higher orders with lance and battle-axe, the lower with bills, and other rude weapons, numbering the almost incredible amount of above a half a million of men and women, including 100,000 horsemen! set forth, taking their way by different routes, all to assemble near Constantinople.

Meanwhile, Peter the Hermit, "mean in stature, but great in heart and in speech," had proceeded to Constantinople, and lifted up his voice alone in the presence of the emperor, supplicating aid. And Alexius granted it, passing the remains of the two companies, still amounting to many thousands, across the Hellespont in Grecian vessels, to the plains adjacent to Nice. Here, chafing under their privations and delay, the hapless pilgrims too rashly encountered the Paynim — the well appointed army of Solyma — and, with reckless valor flung away their lives. Walter Sansavoir, gallantly leading the van, fell, pierced with seven arrows: his brethren in arms refused to flee; and the whole of the pilgrims, the women, the priests, the sick and the aged — all, save the very young women and boys, who were sold into slavery, were massacred. A huge pyramid of bones described by the dainty Anna Comnena with scarcely disguised satisfaction, as "of most admirable height, and both wide and broad," was raised by the Turks; while Peter escaped to Constantinople, to arouse the Christians to revenge. And vengeance followed, though tardily. Godfrey and his host, after having been successively duped and flattered by the perfidious Greek emperor, passed over in imposing array into Asia. Here they invested Nice, and, after a long struggle, the Christian lances bore back the hosts of the Paynim: and the *Te Deum* for victory was raised on the very site of that huge monument of the piled up bones of their brethren and fellow pilgrims.

Onward now marched the host of the Croises: and Mills has detailed the incidents of that march, on the whole, with fairness; but he, like most other writers, has not sufficiently taken into account the peculiar character of the religious feelings which animated them. Misled by the fact, that the Bible was scarcely to be obtained by the laity during the middle ages, these writers have too hastily concluded that no knowledge of Scripture history was possessed by the masses. Now that, on the contrary, they were tolerably well acquainted with its outlines, at least, the church sculptures, the chasings of the altar plate, and the illuminations of the church books, prove. Allusions to the most prominent facts are frequent in popular addresses: and Moses and Joshua, David and Judas Maccabeus, and their

\* "Anserem quemdam divino spiritu asserebant, afflatam et capellam non minus eodem repletur."  
Guibert.

deeds, were certainly familiar to the minds of that warlike age. Thus, when the crusade was preached, men were bidden to go forth like the chosen people to the very land whither they were sent, and, like them, to take vengeance on God's enemies. Now, to a most impressive and imaginative age, how suggestive of the crusades would the history of the children of Israel be. Peter, called from his solitude, like Moses, to lead forth the host of the Lord, and the vast masses following at his command through various lands, and among different peoples. And their privations, their sufferings, even their defeats, did not Israel, in the wilderness, endure the same? It is curious to observe how closely the order of the chosen people was followed by the Croises. The strict tie of brotherhood, which bound the multitude together—not Frank or German, English or Italian, but one army of “the Lord's people.” The religious forms, too, which guided the journey, and marshalled the battle; the preceding priests; the solemn prayer, and the warlike psalm, bursting from a thousand voices, “*Quare fremuerunt gentes*,” how must the Croise have exulted as that psalm of defiance swelled on the breeze, when the Templars, unfurling their war-banner, solemnly, as in the choir, led the chant, while the iron tramp of their war-steeds marked the time! \* And how exultingly was the psalm, “unto Him who slew great kings, for his mercy endureth forever,” raised, when the camp of Solyman, even his harem, fell into their hands, at Dorylaeum—when the cross after so long and fierce a siege, from the walls of impregnable Antioch. And those precepts, which forbade the chosen nation making any alliance with the people of the land, were strictly enjoined; even the stern command, “thou shalt destroy them utterly,” was, alas! copied with rigid exactness. Indeed, to the influence of this “old Jewish spirit” we think we must attribute the massacre of the Mohammedan inhabitants of Jerusalem the day after its capture.

We have remarked that Mills gives, on the whole, a very accurate account of the first crusade. The original chroniclers, however, supply many a curious trait which modern writers overlook. The reader will find much of this in William of Tyre, and especially in those shorter accounts written by undoubted contemporaries. Thus the monk Robert, who himself accompanied the Croises, forcibly describes

the terror which the horns and cymbals, but especially the drums, of the Turkish hosts excited. Guibert mentions this, too, and “the terrific voices of the paynim at the onslaught, together with the clash of “the brazen tubes (*cannis creis*)” which were used instead of lances, with the terrible Greek fire. These writers, too, bring out the spirit of the age strongly in their quotations from holy writ. Thus when, during the long siege of Antioch, great profligacy disgraced the camp, we find Godfrey ending his proclamation thus: “And whoever shall transgress this decree, shall, being taken, suffer the severest punishment, that thus may the people of God be sanctified from all uncleanness and iniquity.” “Many were the trials of the better sort,” says Guibert, “but they comforted themselves, under all, with the words: “Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.” “But this came upon them,” says Robert the Monk, “because of their iniquities, and therefore were they put to flight by the heathen.” When at length the holy city burst on the view of the Croises, “all labor and weariness was forgotten,” says Guibert; “joy broke forth into tears, and full sixty thousand voices burst forth into hymns of thanksgiving, unceasingly praising God.” And when the last assault was about to be made on its walls, and the Croises shrank back from the showers of that deadly Greek fire, “the priests stood beside the wooden tower, crying, “Lord, have mercy upon us! Be thou our help right early! pour out thy fury upon the heathen, and scatter them by thy might!” There is something almost touching in the monk Robert's description of “the serene light of morning breaking in” upon the sleepless host, after that encounter, when we remember the deadly strife of the coming day. At length when the battlements were surmounted, and the Croises rushed in, “O good Jesus!” he exclaims, “when they contemplated thy strongholds, the walls of thine earthly Jerusalem, how did the rivers of water flow from their eyes! and forthwith falling on the earth, with bended knees, and united voices, they saluted thy Holy Sepulchre, and worshipped thee who didst once lie therein, but art now sitting at the right hand of the Father, again to come as the Judge of all! Truly,” he continues, “the heart of stone was then taken away,” although, in the next page, he gives a horrible picture of the massacre in the court of the mosque of Omar. But that this was a solemn act of duty, he seems to have had no doubt, nor do we think that the actors in that tragedy viewed it in any other light.

He unconsciously, however, bears testimony to the highly excited state of mind of the victors, for he tells us that “the spirits of many who had died on the road, now reappeared to them, and were seen of many.” Now what was

\* St. Bernard directed this gallant order to march to battle singing “*Non nobis Domine*,” but the haughty Templars ere long exchanged that psalm of self-negation for the one which told of the paynim “dashed in pieces,” and which exhorted the nations to yield to the King of Zion, according to the very form of feudal homage, the kiss of peace.

this but a delirious hallucination, induced by the hunger and weariness; above all, by the deadly thirst, from which they had so long suffered? Robert also tells us that Peter the Hermit appeared in their midst, and that the multitude fell at his feet with frantic joy. This is the last notice we have of that wonderful man; for the date of his death, and his place of sepulchre, are alike unknown.

Godfrey, as the reader is aware, though unanimously chosen king, meekly rejected that proud title for the humble one of "Defender of the Holy Tomb." But his sway unhappily was brief, a year wanting five days being the term of his rule; and then, with chant, and taper, and banner, he was laid in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and under his brother Baldwin the kingdom of Jerusalem arose.

A most picturesque episode in mediæval history is that kingdom of Jerusalem, with its handful of Christians, reproducing, beneath the bright skies of Palestine, the laws and institutions of the far west. The watch and ward on the battlements of the holy city, the "castle-life" within its walls, the mailed warrior of the cross reposing in the shadow of the palm tree; the fair-haired damsel wreathing her tresses with the roses of Sharon; the blue eye of the north gazing wonderingly on eastern scenery, and the swarthy inhabitant of Syria gazing as wonderingly on manners and customs, of which he or his fathers never dreamt. And then the noble principle of mutual obligation, and mutual fidelity, that bound lord and vassal alike together, that ran through all their laws, and was acknowledged by the monarch himself, when the ring, the sword, the crown, the sceptre, the apple, were presented to him in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and he took the oaths to rule as their *elected* king. How strange must the "Assizes of Jerusalem," that valuable exposition of feudal law, so instinct with the genuine principles of freedom, have appeared to a Mohammedan, even to a Greek jurist.

Nearly a century did the little kingdom of Jerusalem sustain itself, with its feudal observances, and its Christian rites, in the midst of a hostile population; while the fame of its gallant defenders, the Templars and Hospitalers, went forth to all lands. Meanwhile a second crusade, consequent on the capture of Edessa, had been preached by St. Bernard, and Conrad the Third, of Germany; and Louis the Seventh, of France, prepared to conduct it. But it was rather in the spirit of romantic enterprise, than from the influence of deep religious feeling, that this expedition was undertaken. Bands of minstrels and troubadours set forth with the French Croises; and Elinor, the queen of France, summoned a gay company of dames and damsels around her, and rode at their head, as though to a gallant tournament.

Disaster and disgrace marked the whole progress of this second crusade. Greek perfidy united with Moslem fanaticism so effectually, that the vast army which had set forth was almost entirely swept away — Conrad's troops, ere they entered the Holy Land, while those of Louis, shamefully defeated near Antioch, reached Jerusalem a mere handful of wearied and craven fugitives.

But the kingdom of Jerusalem was fast nodding to its fall; for the luxurious habits, the enervating climate of the East, had told with sad effect upon the hardy and energetic people of the West. This is not surprising, although most writers point to it as another proof of the great immorality of the Croises. But do not modern records present many similar instances? have not the selfsame causes produced the like results upon our own troops, even in the nineteenth century? Still, the Templars and Hospitalers, whatever their moral defects, kept the enemy bravely at bay, and their daring valor almost compensated for the sluggishness of the mixed population. But Noureddin, who now wielded the Moslem power, was no common enemy: victory after victory followed his footsteps; and when, on his death, the formidable Saladin succeeded, the days of the kingdom of Jerusalem were numbered. Ere the last struggle, Heraclius, the patriarch, with the grand-masters of the Temple and Hospital, set forth on an embassy to the princes of the West, to entreat their succor; but although the people seem to have willingly responded, no leader could be found. Still, the threatened fate of Jerusalem continued to awaken much anxiety: a third crusade was widely preached, and one "Magister Berterus, of Orleans, excited the hearts of many to take the cross," in a long rhymed Latin poem of little merit, beginning —

"Juxta threnos Jeremie,  
Vere Sion luget vix,  
Quod solemni non sit die;"

the whole of which will be found in Hoveden, and which, he says, was sung far and wide — in a French version, doubtless. But ere the Croises assembled, that fatal battle which delivered the king into captivity, and cost the Christian army thirty thousand lives, had decided the fate of Jerusalem.

Some writers, misled by Saladin's occasional acts of generosity, have endeavored to throw discredit on the story of his massacre of the Templars, after this battle. It is, however, not only told by William of Tyre, the contemporary archbishop, and by Vinesauf, who visited the country two or three years after, but by Mohammedan historians, who glory in it. Ommadeddin relates how, on the day after, at the hour of evening prayer, the Moslem army was drawn up, the Mameluke emirs, in two ranks,

and, at the sound of the holy trumpet, all the captive Templars and Hospitalers were brought forth. They were led to an eminence just above Tiberias, when, with Jerusalem before their eyes, they were summoned to deny their Lord and embrace the Moslem faith. All refused, all were beheaded, while Saladin sat by, "with a smiling countenance," while the headsman performed his task with a dexterity that awakened even Turkish admiration; for, "O how beautiful an ornament is the blood of the infidel sprinkled over the followers of the true faith!" adds the narrator.\*

The capture of Jerusalem "for the sins of its inhabitants," says Vinesauf, "for which cause the Lord suffered Saladin, the rod of his wrath, to put forth his fury to the destruction of that stiff-necked people," was no sooner known in Europe, than the third crusade was proclaimed by Gregory VIII, when "the French and English above all, devoutly took up the sign of the cross, and prepared with all their might to hurry to the Holy Land. Our Richard Cœur de Lion, then Count of Poitou, is said to have been the first among them, although full two years elapsed ere he was able to fulfil his vow. Meanwhile, many detached companies set forth, headed, in many instances, by prelates, English and foreign, among whom were the aged Archbishop Baldwin, of Canterbury, and Hubert, Bishop of Salisbury, besides the Archdeacon of Colchester, who did good service, being both "illustrious for knowledge, and famous for arms," and who there met with "a glorious and happy end;" but the aged Archbishop, Vinesauf tells us, died broken-hearted at the dissoluteness he witnessed at Acre.

And thus, one day when the worst reports of this kind reached his ears, knowing that man is charged with the care of things, though the power of creating is God's, he sighed, and uttered these words, "O Lord God! now is there need of chastening and correcting by thy holy grace, and, if it please thy mercy, let me be removed from the turmoil of this present life, for I have remained long enow in this army." Scarcely fifteen days after, as though heard by the Lord, he began to feel cold and stiff, and, overcome by fever, a few days after he slept in the Lord.

The same writer gives a terrible account of the sufferings endured by the army during that long and terrible siege; no wonder was it many an anxious look was turned to Europe, and that many an earnest prayer was offered

\* Vinesauf mentions, as an undoubted miracle, that "during the three following nights, while the bodies of these holy martyrs were still unburied, a ray of celestial light shone over them from above." We can easily believe this, only we should attribute it to the process of putrefaction, rather than to miracle.

for the arrival of the leaders of the third crusade.

This third crusade is peculiarly interesting, both from the circumstance of an English monarch being the leader, and from our having such ample information respecting it, not only in the contemporary chronicles, but especially in the "Itinerary" of Geoffrey Vinesauf, who accompanied the expeditions.

There was much in Cœur de Lion that qualified him for the leadership of such an enterprise. Although without the deep Christian feeling which Godfrey possessed, and which entitles him, we think, to be placed almost in the same rank with the heroes of the religious wars of Germany, and of our own Parliament, — Richard's warm sympathies with the cause, his genuine self-negation in its service, and which contrasts so vividly with the calculating spirit of his great rival and foe, Philip of France, his reckless valor, together with his persisting endurance, — render him the very type of "the Red-Cross Knight," pledged not to seek mere adventures, but "to avenge the wrongs of our Lord in his own land," and to give answer to the paynim right heartily with his own good sword. And in gallant array did he set forth, himself and his chief attendants proceeding by land from Tours to Marseilles, whither his fleet, consisting of more than a hundred sail, had been sent to await him. The king of France set sail from thence to Messina, "in a single ship," as though to avoid the sight of men, like one not likely to do anything great," adds Vinesauf, emphatically; but "the noble-minded king of England," he came right royally.

And lo! they beheld the sea in the distance, covered with innumerable galleys; and the sounds of trumpets and clarions, loud and shrill, strike upon the ear. Then, as they drew nigh, they saw the galleys laden, and adorned with arms of all kinds; their pennons and standards floating in countless numbers in the breeze in good order, and also on the tops of their spears; the prows of the galleys distinguished from each other by the variety of their paintings, with shields glittering in the sun, and you might behold the sea boiling from the number of oarsmen who plied it, and the ears of the spectators rang with the peals of trumpets, and their delight was aroused by the approach of this varied fleet, when lo! the magnificent king, surrounded by a crowd of obedient galleys, standing on a prow higher and more ornamented than the rest, as if to see what he had not seen before, or to be seen by the crowds that densely thronged the shore, lands in a splendid dress, while those sent on before, receive him with acclamations, and bring forward the war-steeds and palfreys, that he and his suite might mount.

But however the people of Messina might admire the magnificence of King Richard, they soon found he was a very lion to deal



with. Previously to his embarkation, Richard seems to have perceived the importance of a severe discipline, and this he made provision for among his own men, in those "laws of Oleron," which he promulgated at this Island, and which stringently prohibit every kind of excess, on pain of various penalties, among which the transatlantic punishment, "tarring and feathering," finds a place, as the penalty for thieving. Now, Messina was chiefly inhabited by a mixed population, "a wicked people called 'Griffons, many of whom are of Saracen extraction,' and these, having no reverence for the Croises, insulted them in various irritating ways, among which Vinesauf mentions, "pointing their fingers at their eyes," accompanied by language anything but courtly. The men seem to have borne this with tolerable patience, which emboldened them to "threaten to attack our camp, and slay us," so Richard set up a gallows before the door of his own hostel, *in terrorem*, which seem to have overawed them for a short time; but ere long he found that mere threats, whether by words or symbols, were not enough, so he took up arms, whereat the citizens "were scattered in a moment, like sheep before wolves." He took the same course with their recusant King Tancred, and gave him such ominous tokens of his valor, that "perceiving King Richard would not desist from his purpose," he sent him rich presents, and loving messages, evidently feeling it necessary to be on his best behavior.

On his arrival at Cyprus, our lion-hearted king, although wearied with a most stormy voyage, had again to have recourse to arms. The Emperor Isaac certainly seems to have been bad enough, although we may not exactly agree with Vinesauf that "he surpassed Judas in treachery, and Ganelon in treason," or believe with him that "he was a friend of Saladin," and "it was reported that they had drunk each other's blood as a sign and testimony of mutual treaty." Still, the perfidious monarch who had lured some of the wrecked mariners into the interior of the island, and allowed them to be slain, merited a severe visitation, which accordingly he received, and which Vinesauf tells with hearty good will in his chapter, "how King Richard with his forces routed the emperor, first by sea, and then by land." His narrative of Isaac's anger when satisfaction was demanded, and the instant summons of *Cœur de Lion* to his men, the stately way in which the splendidly arrayed soldiers marched down to meet them, but their utter rout before the unerring bows of our countrymen, — then the emperor and his troops flying headlong, and Richard finding "a common horse; upon which he speedily vaulted, by help of a lance placed behind the saddle, and with cords for stirrups," riding on

after the emperor, crying aloud, "My lord, I challenge you to single combat," but as though he were deaf he fled away — would make a most spirited ballad. Great spoil was taken by the victors, and the emperor was compelled to sue for peace; but although the kiss was given and received, the cowardly Greek was soon in arms again, but in vain, for Richard captured his forts, his treasures, and his daughter; so, overcome by this last blow, he sent ambassadors to Richard —

And in order to incline him to feel kindness for him, he followed them in sad attire, and with a sorrowful countenance, and coming in the presence of King Richard he humbly fell on his knees before him, saying he wholly submitted himself to his mercy, that he would consider him lord of everything, only praying he would not throw him into iron chains. The king, moved with pity, raised him up, and made him sit beside him; he also had his daughter brought to him, and when he saw her, he was wonderfully overjoyed, and embracing her most lovingly, covered her with kisses, the tears starting from his eyes. And the king put the emperor not into iron chains, but silver ones.

We scarcely think these celebrated chains could have been actual fetters, after the genteel courtesy displayed here. He finally committed the emperor to the custody of Guy, the banished King of Jerusalem, and his little daughter to his own queen, "to bring her up and educate her."

By this time a report was spread that Acre was on the point of being taken, whereupon the king sighed deeply, and said, "May God defer the taking of Acre till I come, for after it hath been so long besieged, the triumph, by the aid of God, will be more glorious." So onward he went, taking, just outside the port of Sidon, that huge dromond, wherein were the Saracen youth, and the war stores, Greek fire, and all; and then, while the Moslem army encamped on the heights beheld the destruction of their huge ship, and his triumphant progress, "he hastened with all alacrity towards Acre. There the high tower came in sight, and" —

Around it lay the besiegers in countless multitudes, chosen from every nation throughout Christendom, and under the face of heaven. Moreover, beyond the besiegers was seen the Turkish army, not in a compact body, but covering the mountains, and valleys, and hills, and plains with tents, the colors reflected in the sun. They saw also the pavilion of Saladin, and his brother Safahadin's tent, and that of Kahadin, the main stay of paganism: he was watching the parts to seaward, and planning constant and vigorous attacks upon the Christians. King Richard beheld and computed all this army, and when he arrived in port, the King of France, and a whole army of natives, princes, chiefs, and



nobles, came forth to meet him, for they had eagerly longed for his coming.

Richard soon after fell sick; but, ere his recovery, he caused himself to be carried on his silken bed to the walls, "to honor the Saracens with his presence," says Vinesauf, and, sheltered by a kind of wicker covering, he made such good use of his cross-bow, that he slew many. At length the important tower yielded, and "what can we say of this race of unbelievers who thus defended their city?" says Vinesauf; "they must be admired for their valor, for they were the honor of their whole nation, and had they been of the true faith, they would not have had their superiors as men throughout the world." A generous testimony, this, from a monkish chronicler. Saladin was compelled to capitulate, and honorable terms were granted. Here is a "gentle" passage:—

Then it was proclaimed by the heralds that no one should molest the Turks by word or deed, nor any missiles be used against those who might appear on the battlements. And when the day came that the Turks, so renowned for their courage, and valor, and magnificence, appeared on the walls ready to leave the city, the Christians went forth to look at them, and were struck with admiration when they remembered the deeds they had done. They were struck, too, with their cheerful looks, though driven almost penniless from their city—their demeanor unchanged by adversity, and those who but now had by extreme necessity been compelled to own themselves conquered, bore no marks of care as they came forth, nor any signs of dejection at the loss of all they possessed, for they seemed to be conquerors by their courageous bearing. But their superstitious idolatry and miserable error threw a stain on their warlike glory! At last, when all the Turks had departed, the Christians, with the two kings at their head, entered the city through the open gates, with dances, and joy, and loud acclamations, glorifying God and giving Him thanks, because He had magnified His mercy to them, and had visited and redeemed His people.

The feuds which had subsisted even from the time of their arrival at Messina between the kings of France and England, unhappily broke out after this signal victory, with greater virulence, and the result was, the return of Philip to his kingdom. Richard seems to have suspected treachery, and therefore urged Philip to take an oath, binding him from doing "injury to his men or territory, knowingly or purposely, while he remained in a foreign land." Philip, who seems to have had a very elastic conscience, took the oath without scruple; but "how faithfully he stood to his covenant," says our chronicler, "is well known to all the world." Still, however apprehensive Richard might be, as to his possessions in

France, the departure of Philip left him free to follow up his energetic plans; since Richard of Devises reports the brother of Saladin to have remarked, "that he was burthened and hindered by the French king, like a cat with a hammer tied to its tail!" One of Richard's first acts was, however, deserving of severest reprobation; for, Saladin having refused to ransom the hostages, or restore "our Lord's cross," he called together a council, who determined that these captives, to the amount of more than two thousand, should all be hanged. And this was done—doubtless by suggestion of those Syrian princes, who had imbibed an oriental contempt for human life:—but surely the chief leader of the Croises might have mitigated their doom.

The united army now set out for Ascalon—for during eighteen months alone "we lost six archbishops and patriarchs, twelve bishops, forty counts, and five hundred men of noble rank." This consisted of 300,000 men, but "they came out slowly and peevishly, as if against their will,—for they were too much given to sloth and pleasure, and ill-living at Acre." So a stricter discipline was enforced, and the king kept in the rear of the army to check the Turks. A gallant sight was this army,—the bright armor and shining helmets, the pennons with glittering blazonry, and banners with various bearings, while the royal standard, huge as the mast of a ship, set on a four-wheeled carriage, and surrounded by a chosen guard of Normans and English, led the way. "The army marched along the sea shore, which was on its right, and the Turks watched its movements from the heights on the left." Thus they went forward, exposed to the constant attacks of the enemy, and Bohadin, who watched their march, describes them as steadfastly holding on, while "I saw with my own eyes, several who had not one, or two, but ten darts sticking in their backs, protected by their thickly-lined surcoats, and yet they marched onward with calm and cheerful step." The long grass, the tangled thickets, in which lurked venomous creatures, especially the "*tarrentos*," (probably scorpions,) greatly impeded their progress; but released from the profligate society of Acre, the Croises seem to have recovered their earlier character for valor and discipline.

Nor was a rude but heartfelt spirit of devotion wanting.

It was the custom of the army each night, before lying down to rest, to depute some one to stand in the middle of the camp, and to cry out with a loud voice, "Help, help, for the Holy Sepulchre!" The rest of the army then took it up, and repeated the words; and stretching their hands to heaven with profusion of tears, prayed for the mercy and aid of God in this cause. Then the herald himself repeated the words in a

loud voice, "Help, help, for the Holy Sepulchre!" and every one repeated it after him a second time, and so likewise a third time, with contrition of heart, and abundant weeping. For who would not weep at such a moment, when the very mention of it would draw tears from the hearers? The army seemed to be much refreshed by crying out in this manner.

But Richard was never to reach the holy sepulchre, though he pressed onward through dangers, and difficulties, and constant hard fighting. Beside "the forest of Assur," the Croises were compelled to give battle to the Turks, so Richard with right good will marshalled his troops. Ten thousand paynims were poured down upon them "mingling their voices in one horrible yell. Then followed after an infernal race of men, of black color, and with them the Saracens of the desert, called Bedouins; they are savage, blacker than soot; they fight on foot, and carry a bow, quiver, and round shield, and are a light and active race." Vinesauf also describes the "horrible noise and clamor" produced by their drums, cymbals, and "tumbrels." Indeed, it appears to us not unlikely, that the drum may have been one of our importations from the East, for we are not aware of its taking its place among our military instruments until the fourteenth century. "O how useful to us on that day were our arbalesters and bowmen," says Vinesauf. The Turks were also skilful with the bow, so the fight grew keen when the king "flew rapidly on his steed at full speed through the Hospitallers, who had led the charge, and broke into the Turkish infantry, who were astonished at his blows, and gave way to the right and left." "O how different are the speculations of those who meditate in the cloister from the fearful deeds of actual war," says Vinesauf, truly. But Richard, on his "bay Cyprian steed, which had not its match," pressed still onward, with only fifteen companions, crying, "Aid us, O God, and the holy Sepulchre!" and this moving cry rallied the discomfited troops, and at length the victory was gained.

"Malek Ric" was now the terror of the paynim far and near; so he strengthened the strongholds, and prepared to march onward to Jerusalem, "at which they all rejoiced, and began to brighten up their arms, their helmets, and their swords, lest a single spot should soil their brightness;" but the Templars and Hospitallers were opposed to it, fearing that a portion of Saladin's enormous army in the rear "might attack our men by surprise, and so place them between the assaults of the garrison from within, and theirs from without." This was prudent counsel, though we have little doubt that it was the beginning of that hostility on the part of the populace towards

these military orders, which gradually gathered strength during the next century. Meanwhile, Safadin, Saladin's brother, obtained a truce, and also an interview with the famed "Malek Ric," sending him "seven camels and a rich tent;" but he "beguiled the too credulous king,—for he received Safadin's gifts," and his friends blamed him for contracting friendship with a heathen. Richard, however, although he seems to have been much pleased with his paynim acquaintance, soon proved, on the expiration of the truce, that his zeal as a Christian knight had not slackened, by bringing in each day "numbers of Turkish heads." "On Palm Sunday," however, "King Richard, amid much splendor, girded the son of Saladin, who had been sent to him for that purpose, with that belt of knighthood."

Difficulties arose as the summer drew on, with the French army, and Richard received, too, an account from the prior of Hereford, of the disturbances consequent on the maladministration of Longchamp, in his native land. But although compelled to return, he made one more effort to march to Jerusalem, and caused it to be proclaimed that he would not leave until the following Easter, and that all should equip themselves according to their means, and prepare for the siege of Jerusalem."

When the army heard the words of the herald, they were as glad as a bird at dawn of day, and all immediately set themselves in readiness preparing for the march. Then, with hands uplifted to heaven, they prayed thus: "O God! we adore and thank thee that we shall soon see the city of Jerusalem, in which the Turks have dwelt so long! O how joyful are our expectations after this long delay—how deserved our sufferings and trials! but the longed-for sight of thy city will repay us for all." \* \* \* Moreover the crowd of the lower class, made active by hope, took the provision baggage on their shoulders, asserting that they were fully able to carry a month's supply, so eager were they to protect Jerusalem."

Thus they set out from Ascalon on the Sunday after Trinity; and Vinesauf gives a vivid picture of the proud array of the army, "the crests brilliant with jewels, and shields emblazoned "with lions, or flying dragons in gold;" so they pressed forward, while the garrison at Jerusalem were terror-stricken at the news, and "all that the sultan demanded was his swiftest charger," that he might flee away from the dreaded King Richard. But ere long, "the common people" with whom the army was burdened, began to draw back, while the more enthusiastic pressed onward; so the matter was referred to twenty counsellors, and they decreed to return, "seeing that water was already scarce, and that the Turks had so

blocked up all the cisterns, that not a drop of drinkable water could be found within two miles of the city." Thus the army returned to Acre with a heavy heart." Saladin next attacked Joppa; so Richard, who was now preparing to return, summoned the Templars and Hospitallers together with many valiant men, and proceeded there in his galleys. While doubting how he should proceed:—

He looked round thoughtfully, and saw a priest plunge into the water and swim towards the royal galley. "Most noble king," said he, "the remnant of our people waiting for you, are like sheep about to be slain, unless divine grace bring you to their rescue." "Are any of them still alive?" said the king. "There are some still alive," said the priest, "but hemmed in, and in greatest extremity, in front of yonder tower." "Please God," said the king, "by whose guidance we have come, we will die with our brave brothers, and a curse light on him who hesitates." The word was forthwith given, the galleys pushed to land, the king dashed forward into the waves, with his legs unprotected by armor, and up to his middle in water, and soon gained footing on the dry strand. The Turks stood to defend the shore, but the king, with a cross-bow, drove them back right and left. Then the king brandished his fierce sword, which allowed them no time to resist."

And first was he to enter the town, from whence the Turks were driven with great slaughter. Soon after, having escaped being surprised and taken during the night, his last great battle was fought, in which Safadin, who evidently greatly admired him, "sent two noble horses, earnestly requesting him to accept them, and make use of them; and if he returned safe and sound out of that battle, to remember the gift, and recompense it as he pleased. The king readily received the present, and afterwards nobly recompensed the giver." This battle lasted from dawn to sunset, so no wonder Richard soon after fell sick, and was unable to follow up his successes; he, therefore, by the aid of Safadin, concluded an honorable truce for three years, expressly stipulating that pilgrims should have free access to the holy sepulchre, and most of his soldiers set forth to visit it, but he was too deeply mortified to go thither. He now prepared for his departure, after causing proclamation to be made, that all his debts should be fully paid; and then, amid the lamentations of all, he went on board his galley.

All night the ship ran on her way by the light of the stars, and when morning dawned, the king looked back with yearning eyes upon the land which he had left, and after long meditation, he prayed aloud in the hearing of several, in these words: "O, holy land! I commend thee to God, and if his heavenly Grace grant me so long to live, that I may, by his good pleasure, afford thee

aid, I hope, I intend some day to be a succor to thee." With these words he urged his sailors to spread their canvas, that they might sooner cross over the expanse of the sea that lay before them, ignorant truly of the tribulations that awaited him, and the calamities he was to suffer."

Thus ended the third crusade, and with it the valiant exploits both of Richard and Saladin. Richard's sad after-fate is well known; Saladin survived only a few months, closing his career at Damascus in the following March. There is something very touching in his last act—his proud war-banner torn down by his express order, when he felt death heavy upon him, and the winding-sheet hung up in its stead, with the solemn proclamation, "This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin!" We have had some difficulty in selecting our extracts from Vinesauf, for his *Itinerary* so abounds with characteristic traits. A very good translation, however, has lately been published in "Bohn's Antiquarian Library," and to this we refer the reader.

The following years, were years of strife and confusion, both among the successors of Saladin and the feeble princes of Syria. A fourth crusade was preached, but it was not extensively responded to; the leaders were chiefly German, and their defeat before Thron, and the capture of Joppa by Safadin, and his massacre of 20,000 Christians, resulted in a truce of six years. This was in 1197, but "In the year of our Lord Jesus Christ, 1198," as Villehardouin says, "there was in France a holy man, whose name was Fulke of Neuilly," and he, by command of Pope Innocent III., preached a new crusade, offering the benefit, "that all who for the space of one year should take the cross, and the service of our Lord in the Holy Land, should be absolved from all the sins which they had committed and confessed." The story of this crusade is very interesting, for it is related, not by a monkish chronicler, and in choice Latin, but by a valiant Croise, who himself took part in the strife; and not in the language of the cloister, but in the very tongue that cheered his men onward on the battle-field—the quaint and venerable "langue Romaine."

A delightful fragment is the chronicle of Geoffrey de Villehardouin, Marshal of Champagne, the earliest known literary production of a layman, the narrative, too, of an intelligent and conscientious man, who, although trammelled by the superstition of his age—could he be otherwise?—seems to have been actuated by a strength of principle, not often to be met with in later times.

The chronicle opens simply enough, as we have seen, and then goes on to enumerate the noble men who took the cross with himself; one lady is mentioned among them—Mary,

Countess of Flanders—and how a parliament was held, and six envoys were chosen to proceed to Venice, to negotiate for vessels. Henry Dandolo, “blind old Dandolo,” was then Doge, and he received them with much courtesy, and appointed them to meet the council.

They waited to the fourth day, and then repaired to the palace, which was wonderfully splendid and magnificent, and having found the duke and his council in the hall, they delivered their message thus:—“Sir, we are come to thee from the most potent barons of France, who have put on the sign of the Cross to avenge the wrongs of Jesus Christ, and to recover Jerusalem, if such be God’s will; and because we know that no nation has the power of you, and of your people; they implore you, in God’s name, to look with pity on the holy land, and by supplying them with ships and means of passage thither, to join with them in avenging the shame of our Redeemer.” “On what conditions?” said the duke. “On any,” replied the envoys, “which you may think proper to impose, if within our power.”

The doge conferred with the council, and engaged to furnish palanders for 4,500 horses, and for more than 30,000 troops; supplying provisions, also, for which 85,000 marks were to be paid;—a sum at the most moderate calculation, amounting to full 600,000*l*. Truly, had popular writers read the narratives of the Croisades, instead of theorizing on the subject, they would have found that pecuniary considerations had little to do in the matter. The Venetians, with a careful eye to their own interests, further agreed to equip “fifty galleys for the love of God,” on condition “that all the conquests we make by sea or land shall be divided equally between us.” After some farther deliberation, “more than ten thousand people were assembled at the Church of St. Mark,” where, “after the mass of the Holy Ghost, to implore God to inspire them to do His pleasure, the envoys arose, and Geoffrey Villehardouin thus spoke:—

“Lords, the most high and powerful barons of France have sent us to Venice, to pray you to look with pity on the holy city, which is in bondage to the infidels, and for God’s sake to join them in avenging the wrongs of Jesus Christ. They turn to you, because they know of none so powerful on the seas, so they have enjoined us to kneel at your feet, until you have granted their prayers, and had compassion on the land over the sea.” The six envoys then fell on their knees, with many tears, and the duke and the people waived their hands, and cried aloud with one voice:—“We consent, we consent.” The noise and tumult was so great, that it seemed as though the earth shook; and when that great and heart-moving cry, which exceeded all human experience, had ended, the duke mounted the pulpit, and spoke to the people, saying—“Behold, lords, the honor which the Lord hath put

upon you, in disposing the bravest warriors on earth to seek your alliance in so high an enterprise.”

So the treaty was ratified “with many tears,” and then they sent to the Pope to confirm it. The reader will observe how spontaneous all this was. Nobles conferring together, forming plans, entering into treaties, with as much independence as the founders of any society in the present day. Geoffrey returned to Troyes, where he found his lord, Count Thibaut, sick; but so rejoiced was the enthusiastic young man at the success of the envoys, “that he called for his horse, to ride forth, which for a long time past he had not done. So he arose from his bed, and mounted his horse for the last time; for his sickness so continued to increase, that at length he made his testament, and soon breathed his last.” This was a great loss, for the Count had been appointed leader, and when, after his death, two other great men refused the office, “the affliction of the pilgrims was very deep.” The Marquis of Montserrat was at length urged, “with many tears,” to take the leadership, which he having assented to, “Master Fulke, the holy man, conducted him to church, and placed the cross on his shoulder.” The pilgrims now set forth to Venice, but on arriving there found that many had drawn back, and many had gone to other parts. “Ha! what a curse that was, for then had Chritendom been exalted, and the land of the infidels been subdued!” remarks Villehardouin. The leaders then found that they could raise the entire sum promised, although they gave up all the money they had; indeed, you might see numbers of rich vessels of gold and silver carried to the duke’s palace, to make up the necessary payments.” Dandolo then suggested that the remaining sum be remitted, on the Croisades undertaking to aid the republic in reducing Zara, which had revolted. Then they all assembled in St. Mark’s and the Doge addressed the people, saying, that although a very old man (he was between eighty and ninety), yet:—

Knowing no one more capable of guiding and commanding you than myself, who am your lord, if it be your pleasure that I should take the cross to watch over and direct you, and leave my son in my place to protect our country, I will cheerfully go, and live and die with you, and with the pilgrims. The Venetians cried aloud with one voice—“We beseech you in God’s name to go with us.” Much pity was felt, and many tears shed among the people of the country and the pilgrims, because this brave old man who had so much need of rest, both on account of his great age, and inasmuch as he was nearly blind, his sight having been injured by a wound in the head, and yet was of such undaunted courage. Ha! how little did *they* resemble him who skulk-

ed to other parts to avoid danger! The duke, descending from the pulpit, walked to the high altar, and cast himself on his knees with holy tears before it, while the Cross was placed in his cap that it might be better seen."

The Croises, however, even after the reduction of Zara, were not to proceed to "that sweet land over the sea, for "one of the most marvellous events that has ever been narrated, happened;" this was, the supplication of Alexius Comnenus, the heir of the Greek empire, whose father had been deposed and blinded, and who himself was a fugitive, that this valiant company should afford him aid in reinstating his father on the throne. To this supplication, "inasmuch as they were journeying for the love of God, and for right, and justice," they acceded, and turned their victorious prow towards Corfu, where the young prince met them, and,

Having again embarked, they departed from Corfu on the eve of Pentecost, in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ, 1203, with all the galleys, the palanders, and other ships of war, as well as the merchant-men in their company. The day was bright and cheerful, and the winds soft and favorable, as they spread their sails. And I, Geoffrey the marshal of Champagne, who have dictated this, having been present at the matters herein related, and conscious that it contains nothing but truth, bear witness that so glorious a sight had never been beheld before. Far as our sight could reach, the sea was covered with sails of ships and galleys; our hearts were lifted up, and we thought our armament might undertake the conquest of the world. \* \* \* \* Then they sailed to the city of Abydos, and when they departed together from the port, the whole Hellespont appeared covered with ships, galleys, and palanders, of incomparable beauty. They sailed up the strait, until they reached St. Stephen's abbey, from whence they had the first view of Constantinople. You may think that all who had never before beheld it, would fix their eyes upon that city, which appeared the noblest in the universe. \* \* \* \* They scarcely could believe their senses, nor was there any man, however bold, whose heart did not tremble within him. This was no marvel, for never since the creation of the world had such an enterprise been attempted by such a handful of men.

No wonder, as they drew nearer, "many a one cast his eyes upon his arms, well knowing that the time was at hand when he should need their help." The pilgrims landed at Scutari, and soon after came in contact with some "five hundred Greek knights," but these "turned their backs, and were discomfited" at the first shock of the heavy lances of the Western chivalry. The usurping emperor, brother to the deposed one, sent an embassy to the Croises, stating that "he much marvels why you—being Christians, and he being

also a Christian—are thus come into his territories," and ending with a truly Greek boast, that if they were twenty times as many, they could not depart without his permission, nor prevent his destroying them. The Croises appointed a "prudent and eloquent knight" to reply, which he did by charging the emperor with "having sinned against God and reason" in usurping his brother's throne, and emphatically concluding,— "As for messages of this kind, be not so rash as to trust yourself hither with them again." So the barons determined, in true feudal fashion, to show the young prince to his subjects. They rowed before the walls, and, showing the valet to the Greeks, proclaimed, "Behold your natural lord, and know that we are not come hither to injure you, but to preserve and defend you, if you return to your duty. You know how traitorously he has used his lord and brother, whom he has sinfully deprived of his eyes and empire: his lawful heir is now before you." But none of the people, he adds, seemed willing to acknowledge the prince. Indeed, the utter want of high and noble spirit among these degenerate Greeks seems utterly to have confounded the Croises, who we can easily imagine must have felt themselves actually more at home among the haughty, gallant Turks and Saracens, than among the cowardly, falsehood-loving Christians of the Lower Empire.

It was now resolved that an attack should be made on Galata, and that the Count of Flanders should lead the vanguard:—

And know that it was one of the most daring adventures ever attempted, \* \* \* \* At length the knights embarked with their warsteeds, themselves armed from head to foot, their helms laced, their horses housed and saddled. Those who were of less note betook them to the heavy vessels, and the galleys were all armed and prepared. The morning was bright, and the emperor, with his army in great force and array, awaited the pilgrims on the opposite shore. The trumpet sounded, every galley towed a heavier vessel, none asked who were to be foremost, but each one pushed on with all his might. The knights started up from the palanders, and, armed as they were, helm laced, and lance in hand, leaped, baldrick deep, into the sea. The good archers, the good sergeants, and the good cross-bowmen, followed, each company forming on the spot where their vessels touched the ground. The Greeks seemed at first determined to oppose them; but, on the first shock of lances, turned their backs, and fled, leaving the landing open; and know that no place was ever more proudly captured! \* \* \* \* The emperor fled to Constantinople, so the barons encamped that night before the tower.

This tower being captured, and the chain which guarded the approach to the city re-



moved, they pressed up the strait; the Venetians, as better accustomed to naval warfare, taking the lead—all in high spirits, although “there were in the city at least two hundred persons for every single soul in the army.” The scaling-ladders were prepared, though the walls were crowded with the English and Danes (the Varangians of the Greek army), who fought bravely with their battle-axes:—

Now shall you hear of the dauntless valor of the Duke of Venice, who, old and blind as he was, stood upon the prow of his galley, with the standard of St. Mark spread before him, urging his people to push on to shore, on peril of his high displeasure. By wondrous exertions they ran the galley on shore, and, leaping out, bore the banner of St. Mark before him on the land. When the Venetians saw the banner of St. Mark on the land, and that their duke's galley had been the first to touch the ground, they pushed on in shame and emulation; and the men in the palanders sprang to laud in rivalry with each other, and began a fierce assault. And I, Geoffrey de Villehardouin, marshal of Champagne, the author of this work, affirm that it was asserted by more than forty persons that they beheld the banner of St. Mark planted upon one of the towers, and none could tell by what hand it was planted there; at which miraculous sight the besieged fled, and deserted the walls, while the invaders rushed in headlong, striving who should be foremost, seized upon twenty-five of the towers, and garrisoned them with their soldiers.”

The victory was ere long won; and then, “that same night, the emperor, with much treasure, fled, and abandoned the city;” so, by one of those sudden changes which made Constantinople often resemble the cities of Bagdad or Damascus, the blind emperor Isaac was drawn forth from his dungeon, and arrayed in the imperial robes in the palace of Blachernæ; whither a deputation of the Croises proceeded on the following morning, and beheld him “attired in such splendor as to dazzle them; and the empress, a most fair lady, the daughter of the King of Hungary, sat beside him. Our narrator was spokesman on this occasion; and Isaac, it may be readily imagined, consented to whatever was demanded. The barons conducted the young prince to his father; and there was great joy and festivity. Ere long, the Greeks looked anxiously for the departure of the pilgrims; while young Alexius, who knew how much he was bound to them, secretly requested their stay. At this, Nicaetas, the Greek historian, is very wroth, charging him with having “disgraced the splendor and majesty of the purple,” by his associating with “these barbarians”—as though anything could disgrace “the purple” more than it had been already by the cruelty, falsehood,

and utter negation of all high feeling of his predecessors. Meanwhile, serious disturbances broke out; a fire in the city, too, was attributed to the Franks, and the young prince seems to have taken advantage of this to postpone his payments. So “a parliament” assembled, and it was determined to send an embassy to him; and “Conon de Bethune, Geoffrey de Villehardouin, and Miles de Brabant,” were chosen, with three Venetians:—

These nobles having mounted their horses, their swords girt on, rode together to the palace of Blachernæ, though, from the habitual treachery of the Greeks, in no trifling danger. Having alighted at the gate, and entered the palace, they found the two emperors seated on two thrones. Then the wise and eloquent Conon de Bethune spoke: “Sir, we are deputed by the Duke of Venice, and by the barons of the host, to remind you of what they have done for you. You and your father have sworn to perform faithfully the covenant you had made with them; your letters patent are in their possession; but though you have been often called upon, you have not fulfilled that treaty as you were bound to do; and we again summon you, in presence of your lords, to perform all that is stipulated between us. If you do so, well; if you refuse, know that, from this hour, they renounce you as their lord and friend, and will pursue you to utter extremity. But they would have you know that treason is not their practice, nor the fashion of their country, nor do they make war on you, or on any one, without first sending an open defiance. This is our errand—decide according to your pleasure.” The Greeks were exceedingly surprised and incensed at this, saying that none before had dared to defy the Emperor of Constantinople in his own palace. The tumult within was very great; but the ambassadors turning round, reached the gate, and immediately mounted their horses.

With this chivalrous passage we must reluctantly conclude our extracts, remarking that, soon after the pilgrims had begun the war, young Alexius was deposed, and murdered, by Mourztuphles, a noble, who seized the empire; and upon his defeat by the indignant Croises, the Latin empire at Constantinople was founded, under which our venerable chronicler became, in addition, marshal of Romania—probably closing his life in the service of the Latin Emperors.

This fifth crusade, although most interesting as a military expedition, fell short of its intention. The Croises never reached the Holy Land, where the brunt of the battle was still borne by those gallant orders, the Templars and Hospitalers. The capture of Constantinople, too, had afforded another field, and one nearer home, for the adventurous exploits of our western chivalry; so but a few years after, John de Brienne, the titular

king of Jerusalem, sent an earnest letter to Innocent III. for assistance, which he willingly gave. A goodly number joined this sixth crusade, and many nobles, even crowned monarchs, took part in it; and the English, under William Longsword, displayed great prowess. But meanwhile, the lax discipline which prevailed, and the vices of the mixed population of the cities that still owned the Christian sway, disheartened the more devoted Croises, and impeded the progress of their arms. Still, however, bands of enthusiasts pressed onward; and chief among them for eager and devoted feeling was Thibaut, sixth Count of Champagne, the posthumous son of that valiant count who, as Villehardouin has told us, died almost through joy, at the anticipation of the fifth crusade. It is strange that this Thibaut, who in 1234 became also King of Navarre, whose name has been handed down as one of the "royal troubadours," and whose poems were published a hundred years ago, should never have received the praise so justly his due, as a most spirited writer of crusade poems. While his "chansons" are little better than nonsense verses, those with which he summoned Christendom to the seventh crusade are forcible and inspiring as the war trumpet. Here is his first summons (No. 54):—

Barons, know well, he who now lists to fare  
Forth to the land where our Lord lived and  
died,

He, who His blessed cross denies to bear  
With steadfast heart across the ocean tide,  
Scarce shall he enter Paradise — O then  
Think of His love, His pity to us men!  
And aid that blessed land crushed down by pay-  
nim pride.

The evil doers heed not; hearken ye!  
They love not God, nor duty, nor fair fame;  
Each his excuse hath, "Shall I cross the sea,  
Leaving my wife, my lands, my friends, my  
name?"

O! crowd of blinded ones — can these aught do,  
Compared with what our Lord hath done for  
you? —

He, who hath borne for us the cross and shame?

Remember who for us the cross did bear,—  
Remember, too, the day that soon shall come!  
Then will He say, "O ye, whose patient care  
Helped me to bear my cross, behold your home  
With angels, Mary mother, and with me,  
Dwell here for aye, in full felicity —  
But ye who aided not — go, meet your doom!"

O! all, O! every one — haste, haste away!  
Each one who hateth ill, and firm would stand  
Against the scorn of scoffers. What are they?  
Senseless and powerless — feeblest to withstand  
Heaven's will. Then gracious Lord, each thought  
subdue

That tends to sin, our fainting grace renew,  
That holily we may all visit thine own land.\*

But Thibaut was not merely the poet of the crusade. He met the nobles who assembled at Lyons, and joined heartily with them in rejecting the councils of the Legate, who urged delay; another emphatic proof of the voluntary character of these expeditions. Many yielded to the Legate's views; but Thibaut braced on his mail as a hardy soldier of the cross, addressing a graceful farewell to his lady-love, whom he assures he should never have quitted but for the more commanding claims of duty. We regret our space will not admit of its insertion; but the following spirited verses, addressed to his friend Philip de Nanteuil, written most probably after his arrival at Acre, well illustrates the indignant feeling of the devoted Croise, on witnessing the shameful depravity of the professed soldiers of the cross. The metre in this, as in the former, is the same as the original:—

Aye, full of all iniquity—  
Of envy, hatred, every ill,  
Are these our times; yet carelessly  
Our nobles bear themselves and still  
Heed neither truth, nor courtesy—  
Therefore, lest Heaven in wrath awake,  
And holy church her terrors take,  
I'll set in verse, and order due,  
The grievances I mourn to you.

The realms of Syria loudly cry,  
"Amend ye Croises, swift amend!"  
Will Heaven behold with favoring eye  
Our cause? Will God his succor lend  
While ye by deeds His name deny? —  
God loveth aye the upright heart,  
To such doth He his grace impart,  
And they shall magnify His name,  
And they alone advance His fame.

Hold fast thy vow! and steadfastly,  
Chuse rather in that blessed land  
To toil, than bold and fancy free  
To wander at thine own command.—  
Poor caitiffs, who this burthen flee!  
O! Phillip, will not Paradise,  
In brighter glory to our eyes  
Shine forth, — if we through toil and pain,  
At length its blessed guerdons gain?"

Thibaut was, however, doomed to be unsuccessful in the field; he and his small company advanced unmolested as far as Ascalon, where they met the paynim host, and were

\* The reader may like to see a few lines of the original. These are the first four:

"Signors sacier, ki er ne s'en ira  
En cele terre, u Diex fut mors e vis,  
E ki la crois d'outre mer ne prendra  
A peines mais ira en li Paradis."

driven back. Much censure has been cast on Thibaut for his hasty retreat, and yet more hasty return to Europe. The reason for this may, we think, however, be easily found in the bitter disappointment which he felt when he discovered that instead of an army of brave and devoted men, he was called upon to lead a dissolute crew, who had scarcely even the merit of personal bravery. Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother to our Henry III., succeeded to Thibaut's command; but "Richard that tricharde," as the old scoffing song terms him, possessed none of the qualities of a devoted Croise. That "the sweet land over the sea" was a land of untold wealth, "of gold, and silver, and precious stones," was its chief attraction in his eyes, although his English followers fought bravely and well. Still his astuteness wrested from the paynim more important concessions in the council than might have been gained on the battle-field; for Jerusalem was restored to the Christians, together with all the castles and villages between that and the coast.

But the spirit which once glowed with such mighty force was now about to expire; and in Louis IX., and his faithful vassal and biographer, Joinville, we behold its last gleams.

Very pleasant is the memoir of the good king, as told by the loving pen of his companion in arms and in danger; and very touching the simple recital of their toils and sufferings. When Louis, after a deadly sickness, called for the crucifix, and hung it round his neck, his mother, the stern and stately "reine Blanche," instead of rejoicing like the mother of Godfrey, "was panic-struck, and seemed as if she would rather have seen him dead,"—sure proof that the crusade-spirit was dying out. But Louis persisted; and he, and his three brothers, together with his queen, and many of his nobles, "put on the cross at Easter, 1248. Before my departure," says Joinville,

I summoned all my vassals, and addressed them thus: "Gentlemen, know that I am about to go to the Holy Land, and it is uncertain whether I may ever return: should there be any of you, therefore, to whom I have done wrong, and who thinks he has cause of complaint, let him come forward, for I am willing to make him amends as I am accustomed to do." So I withdrew while they consulted together. I likewise adopted this measure because I was unwilling to carry with me a single penny wrongfully, and to fulfil any demands that might be made, I had mortgaged to friends a great part of my inheritance. . . . When I was nearly ready to set out, I sent for the Abbot of Cheminon, who gave me my scarf and I bound it on me, and likewise put the pilgrim's staff in my hand. Instantly I quitted the Castle of Joinville, without ever re-entering it, until my return from beyond sea. I made pilgrimages to all the holy places in the

neighborhood. As I was journeying from Blicourt to St. Urban I was obliged to pass near to the Castle of Joinville; but I dared never turn my eyes that way for fear of feeling too great regret, and lest my courage should fail on leaving my two fine children, and my fair Castle of Joinville, which I loved in my heart.

Who can withhold admiration from this self-denying spirit, though unhappily mixed up with so much superstition? It was in August that Joinville and his companions embarked at Marseilles, where he seems to have been much interested in the process of embarkation, especially the good war-steeds, walking in at the ports of the vessel, "and when we were all on board, the port was caulked up as close as a large tun of wine, because when the vessel was at sea, the port was under water." And when they at last embarked—

The priest and clerks mounted to the fore-castle to chant psalms in praise of God, that he might be pleased to give us a prosperous voyage. They all with loud voices sung the beautiful hymn of *Veni Creator*, from the beginning to the end, and while they were singing, the mariners set their sails in the name of God. Instantly after, a breeze filled our sails, and soon made us lose sight of land, so that we only saw sea and sky. I must say here that he is a great fool who shall put himself in such dangers, having wronged any one, or having any mortal sins on his conscience; for, when he goes to sleep in the evening, he knows not if in the morning he may not find himself under the sea.

Through all its dangers good Joinville passed safely, and met the king at Cyprus. Here they were delayed till the following spring, when they bent their course towards Damietta. "On the shore we saw the whole force of the Sultan, who wore arms of gold of so fine a polish, that when the sun shone on him, he seemed like a sun himself." Joinville remarks the tumult and noise of the drums and horns, "which was frightful to hear, and very strange to the French." He also gives a more minute description of the dreaded Greek fire, than the earlier chroniclers, "for this Greek fire was like a large tun, and its tail was the length of a long spear, the noise which it made was like to thunder, and it seemed a great dragon of fire flying through the air, giving so great light with its flame, that we saw our camp as clearly as in broad day."

On landing at Damietta, "the good king Louis leaped into the sea, which was up to his shoulders, and advanced to the land with his shield on his neck, his helmet on his head, and his lance in his hand," ready to attack the Saracen army in the distance, while a messenger was sent with defiance to the sultan. The sultan however, had just died, and the inhabitants, after setting parts of the city on fire,

fled, so there was nothing to be done but to sing *Te Deum* and take possession. Ere long the usual results of indolence and abundance became manifest in the army, and "the good king" lamented his ineffectual attempts to curb its profligacy. But war soon followed,—the Turks with their Greek fire did great injury, and the Knights were in imminent danger, for:—

Thrice this night they threw fire from *la perriere*, and four times from cross-bows. Each time that our good king heard them make these discharges of fire, he cast himself upon the ground, and with extended arms, and eyes turned to heaven, cried out with a loud voice to our Lord, and shedding heavy tears, said, "Good Lord, preserve thou me and all my people;" and believe me, his sincere prayers were a great benefit to us.

Soon after, the fatal battle of Massoura was fought, of which Joinville gives a most characteristic account. Then followed the famine, and sickness of the army, while the paynim intercepted their return to Damietta; at length, when the king was preparing to embark with the sick and wounded, he was taken prisoner with his two brothers, and the greater part of his followers. Joinville's account of how, when the knife was at his own throat, he found favor in the sight of a Saracen, who protected and nursed him, and led him to "the admiral," who became his friend, and of his subsequent meeting with the king, is very interesting. Louis at length obtained his liberty and that of his army on the payment of 800,000 besants. His high conscientiousness is forcibly shown in this transaction:

Before it was all paid, there were some who advised the king to withhold it until the Saracens had delivered up his brother; but he replied, that since he had promised it, he would pay the whole before he quitted the river. As he said this, Sir Philip de Montfort told the king that the Saracens had miscounted one scale weight, which was worth 10,000 livres. The king was greatly enraged at this, and commanded Sir Philip, on the faith he owed him as his liege man, to pay the Saracens then. He added that he would not depart until the uttermost penny was paid.

Louis retired to Acre, where he continued nearly four years, repairing its fortifications, and strengthening the neighboring ports, but he was unable to gain any permanent advantage over the Moslem.

During the king's stay at Jaffa, he was told that the Sultan of Damascus would allow him to visit Jerusalem. The king would most willingly have gone thither, but his great council dissuaded him from it, as it would leave the city in the hands of the enemy. Moreover, they told him of King Richard, who, when one of his officers

cried out, "Sir, sir, come hither and I will show you Jerusalem," threw down his arms, saying, with tears, "Ah, Lord God! I pray thee, let me not see thy holy city of Jerusalem, since I cannot deliver it from the hands of thine enemies." This example was laid before St. Louis because he was the greatest monarch in Christendom, and if he should perform a pilgrimage to Jerusalem without delivering it from the enemies of God, every other king who might wish to make a similar pilgrimage, would think he had amply performed it, without seeking to do more than the King of France had done.

This argument was quite sufficient for the conscientious king, who ere long set forth on his return. On the vigil of St. Mark, they set sail, when the king telling Joinville that he was born on St. Mark's day," I replied that he might well say he had been born again on St. Mark's day, in thus escaping from such a pestilent land, where he had remained so long. Indeed, the worthy seneschal hints, tolerably plainly, that the vocation of the Croise had no great charms for him.

But the time was at hand when these wild expeditions were to cease. The ninth and last crusade was conducted by a prince whose only claim to the honor, was unquestioned bravery. This was our "ruthless king," Edward the First; and his ferocious massacre at Nazareth, was but a foreshadowing of his after conduct in Wales and Scotland. Louis, though an aged man, however, again responded to the call of Palestine, and again grasping the sacred oriflamme with feeble hand, set out. But he, tempted to land on the coast of Africa, breathed his last on its sands; and the old defenders of the Holy Land, the Templars and Hospitalers, had now, unsustained to endure the shock of Moslem warfare. Driven from every stronghold save Acre, there they determined to make their last defence. In April, 1291, Sultan Khalil, with 200,000 troops, beleagured that doomed city. Marvellous was the valor displayed by the besieged; and stern, we think, must be the prejudices of the reader, who can trace the story of their energy, and their self-devotion, without sorrow for their fate. After a fierce and gallant resistance, for fifty days, the defenders of the last tower agreed to an honorable capitulation; but the gate being opened, their perfidious foemen rushed in: the tower, already undermined, gave way, flames burst forth, and the gallant Templars and their foemen were buried together in the smoking ruins. An indiscriminate massacre followed, unexampled in extent, and after one hundred and ninety-four years' contest, Palestine again became the prey of the infidel.

In the foregoing sketch, illustrated by extracts from contemporary writers alone, our chief aim has been to illustrate "the crusade

spirit," a spirit which, as we have remarked, some writers have almost denied, and which many have, we think, greatly mistaken. That these great expeditions did not originate in "deep policy," as Fuller asserts, is obvious, because we do not find either monarchs or pontiffs unremittently affording them aid. In some instances, it is true, the preaching of the crusade followed the mandate of the pope; but in more instances, it preceded. Men in arms against their liege sovereign, too, have led their vassals to the Holy Land, and monarchs actually under the ban of the pontiff have fought there; indeed, the policy of the Vatican, so far from holding itself pledged to one line of action, repeatedly played fast and loose with the affairs of Palestine. Nor was it desire of plunder that impelled the vast myriads who went forth. From the poor husbandman of the first crusade, who abandoned all that he might go, down to Joinville in the eighth, who mortgaged his patrimony, we have proof that gain was not sought. Indeed, to the rapacious spirit of their more worthless followers, the chroniclers repeatedly point as the chief cause of the disasters and defeats of "the army of God." What were the crusades, then, but a mighty popular movement, originating in the peculiar circumstances of Christian Europe, and carried on by appeals to that devotional spirit, which, though debased by superstition, flowed warmly in the breasts of a rude but impulsive race?

And benefits, great benefits, did the crusades confer on Europe. There was marvelous unselfishness in the very principle of this mighty movement; and with what beneficial effect this told on the as yet unformed character of European society, the gentle spirit of chivalry alone will show. Then there was a subject of intense excitement presented to the popular mind, just when beginning to arouse itself, — a subject that drew it from the contemplation of the narrow round of every-day life, to far-off lands, and lofty objects, and thus enlarged and invigorated it. And then — more important than all — the voluntary-principle came forth, with a might, which the ancient world never saw. The right of self-government was constantly kept in view by the Croises, and the pope himself saw his mandates oftentimes rejected by the free soldier of the cross, long ere his power was questioned at home. Now all these benefits were the gain of that long and bitter strife on the frontiers of Christendom, which for almost two centuries kept the Moslem power at bay.

At the close of the eleventh century, when

Malek Shah contemplated the descent of his myriads upon Europe, how, had they once crossed that narrow strait, could they have been driven back? The Greeks had already fled before them; Sicily and Southern Italy had already been colonized by them; the rising cities of Northern Italy were at war among themselves; the more warlike Gothic kingdoms of Spain, with the enemy in their very midst, must have found their ancient valor unavailing against foemen both within and without. And, the Pyrenees once passed, — they had once before been overpassed by the Moslem — there was France, a collection of small and almost independent states, so was Germany; while the cities of the Netherlands were sternly wresting their freedom from their lords, and England was chafing under the yoke of her Norman sovereigns.

Where was unity to be found? where the one leader, the one war-cry which could alone afford chance of successful resistance? Now this was wonderfully provided for by the crusades. While the Moslem hosts marched under one banner, and with one war-cry, so did the army of Christendom. The distinctions of race and country were postponed, in "the holy war," for the one name of "soldier of the cross;" and the native of France or England, of Germany or Italy, went forth, not to uphold his national banner, but that standard which bore the patriarchal cross of Jerusalem, "the mother of us all."

For more than six generations did this unexampled warfare continue, though disaster and defeat tracked its progress and marked its end. But the victory of Christendom was won, even when the Croises were driven from every inch of ground in the Holy Land. If they retreated, still the paynim had been kept from advancing, and, during that long strife, the communities of Western Europe had acquired strength, and power, and consolidation. "Make way for liberty!" cried Arnold von Winkelreid, and the spears were buried in his breast; but over their dead leader the troops passed onward to victory. So, the serried hosts of the Croises — the devoted Croises — kept back, at the cost of their lives, that fierce inundation of eastern barbarism, holding out until the danger that menaced Western Europe had passed away, and she was free to pursue her onward career — to fling defiance at St. Peter's chair, even as she had flung defiance at the Moslem host, to become the centre of learning, of science, of civilization to the whole world.



From Household Words.

## MY FRENCH MASTER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

My father's house was in the country, seven miles away from the nearest town. He had been an officer in the navy; but, as he had met with some accident that would disable him from ever serving again, he gave up his commission and his half-pay. He had a small private fortune, and my mother had not been penniless; so he purchased a house and ten or twelve acres of land, and set himself up as an amateur farmer on a very small scale. My mother rejoiced over the very small scale of his operations; and when my father regretted, as he did very often, that no more land was to be purchased in the neighborhood, I could see her setting herself a sum in her head, "If on twelve acres he manages to lose a hundred pounds a year, what would be our loss on a hundred and fifty?" But when my father was pushed hard on the subject of the money he spent in his sailor-like farming, he had one constant retreat:

"Think of the health and the pleasure we all of us take in the cultivation of the fields around us! It is something for us to do and to look forward to every day." And this was so true, that as long as my father confined himself to these arguments, my mother left him unmolested: but to strangers he was still apt to enlarge on the returns his farm brought him in; and he had often to pull up in his statements when he caught the warning glance of my mother's eye, showing him that she was not so much absorbed in her own conversation as to be deaf to his voice. But as for the happiness that arose out of our mode of life—that was not to be calculated by tens or hundreds of pounds. There were only two of us, my sister and myself; and my mother undertook the greater part of our education. We helped her in her household cares during part of the morning; then came an old-fashioned routine of lessons, such as she herself had learnt when a girl:—Goldsmith's "History of England," Rollin's "Ancient History," Lindley Murray's Grammar, and plenty of sewing and stitching.

My mother used some times to sigh, and wish that she could buy us a piano, and teach us what little music she knew; but many of my dear father's habits were expensive—at least for a person possessed of no larger an income than he had. Besides the quiet and unsuspected drain of his agricultural pursuits, he was of a social turn; enjoying the dinners to which he was invited by his more affluent neighbors; and especially delighted in returning them the compliment, and giving them choice little entertainments, which would have been yet more frequent in their recurrence than they were, if it had not been for my mother's prudence. But we never were able to purchase the piano; it required a greater outlay of ready money than we ever possessed. I dare say we should have grown up ignorant of any language but our own, if it had not been for my father's social habits, which led

to our learning French in a very unexpected manner. He and my mother went to dine with General Ashburton, one of the forest-rangers; and there they met with an emigrant gentleman, a Monsieur de Chalabre, who had escaped in a wonderful manner, and at terrible peril to his life; and was, consequently, in our small forest-circle, a great lion, and a worthy cause of a series of dinner parties. His first entertainer, General Ashburton, had known him in France, under very different circumstances; and he was not prepared for the quiet and dignified request made by his guest, one afternoon after M. de Chalabre had been about a fortnight in the forest, that the General would recommend him as a French teacher, if he could conscientiously do so.

To the General's remonstrances M. de Chalabre smilingly replied, by an assurance that his assumption of his new occupation could only be for a short time; that the good cause would—*must triumph*. It was before the fatal January twenty-first, seventeen hundred and ninety-three; and then, still smiling, he strengthened his position by quoting innumerable instances out of the classics, of heroes and patriots, generals and commanders, who had been reduced by Fortune's frolics to adopt some occupation far below their original one. He closed his speech with informing the General that, relying upon his kindness in acting as referee, he had taken lodgings for a few months at a small farm which was in the centre of our forest circle of acquaintances. The General was too thoroughly a gentleman to say anything more than that he should be most happy to do whatever he could to forward M. de Chalabre's plans; and as my father was the first person whom he met with after this conversation, it was announced to us, on the very evening of the day on which it had taken place, that we were forthwith to learn French; and I verily believe that, if my father could have persuaded my mother to join him, we should have formed a French class of father, mother, and two head of daughters, so touched had my father been by the General's account of M. de Chalabre's present desires, as compared with the high estate from which he had fallen. Accordingly we were installed in the dignity of his first French pupils. My father was anxious that we should have a lesson every other day, ostensibly that we might get on all the more speedily, but really that we might have a larger quarterly bill to pay; at any rate until M. de Chalabre had more of his time occupied with instruction. But my mother gently interfered, and calmed her husband down into two lessons a week, which was, as she said, as much as we could manage. Those happy lessons! I remember them now, at the distance of more than fifty years. Our house was situated on the edge of the forest; our fields were, in fact, cleared out of it. It was not good land for clover; but my father would always sow one particular field with clover-seed, because my mother was so fond of the fragrant scent in her evening walks, and through this a foot-path ran which led into the forest.

A quarter of a mile beyond—a walk on the soft fine springy turf, and under the long low branches of the beech trees, and we arrived at

the old red-brick farm where M. de Chalabre was lodging. Not that we went there to take our lessons; that would have been an offence to his spirit of politeness; but as my father and mother were his nearest neighbors, there was a constant interchange of small messages and notes, which we little girls were only too happy to take to our dear M. de Chalabre. Moreover, if our lessons with my mother were ended pretty early, she would say — "You have been good girls; now you may run to the high point in the clover-field, and see if M. de Chalabre is coming; and if he is, you may walk with him; but take care and give him the cleanest part of the path, for you know he does not like to dirty his boots."

This is all very well in theory; but, like many theories, the difficulty was to put it in practice. If we slipped to the side of the path where the water lay longest, he bowed and retreated behind us to a still wetter place, leaving the clean part for us; yet when we got home his polished boots would be without a speck, while our shoes were covered with mud.

Another little ceremony which we had to get accustomed to, was his habit of taking off his hat as we approached, and walking by us holding it in his hand. To be sure, he wore a wig, delicately powdered, frizzed, and tied in a queue behind; but we had always a feeling that he would catch cold, and that he was doing us too great an honor, and that he did not know how old, or rather how young we were, until one day we saw him (far away from our house) hand a countrywoman over a stile with the same kind of dainty, courteous politeness, lifting her basket of eggs over first; and then, taking up the silk-lined lapel of his coat, he spread it on the palm of his hand for her to rest her fingers upon; instead of which, she took his small white hand in her plump vigorous gripe, and leant her full weight upon him. He carried her basket for her as far as their roads lay together; and from that time we were less shy in receiving his courtesies, perceiving that he considered them as deference due to our sex, however old or young, or rich or poor. So, as I said, we came down from the clover field in rather a stately manner, and through the wicket gate that opened into our garden, which was as rich in its scents of varied kinds as the clover field had been in its one pure fragrance. My mother would meet us here; and somehow — our life was passed as much out of doors as in-doors, both winter and summer — we seemed to have our French lessons more frequently in the garden than in the house; for there was a sort of arbor on the lawn near the drawing-room window, to which we always found it easy to carry a table and chairs, and all the rest of the lesson paraphernalia, if my mother did not prohibit a lesson *à fresco*.

M. de Chalabre wore, as a sort of morning costume, a coat, waistcoat, and breeches all made of a kind of coarse grey cloth, which he had bought in the neighborhood; his three-cornered hat was brushed to a nicety, his wig sat as no one's else did. (My father's was always awry.) And the only thing wanting to his costume when he came was a flower. Sometimes I fancied he purposely omitted gathering one of the

roses that clustered up the farm-house in which he lodged, in order to afford my mother the pleasure of culling her choicest carnations and roses to make him up his nosegay, or "posy" as he liked to call it; he had picked up that pretty country word and adopted it as an especial favorite, dwelling on the first syllable with all the languid softness of an Italian accent. Many a time have Mary and I tried to say it like him; we did so admire his way of speaking.

Once seated around the table, whether in the house or out of it, we were bound to attend to our lessons; and somehow he made us perceive that it was a part of the same chivalrous code that made him so helpful to the helpless, to enforce the slightest claim of duty to the full. No half-prepared lessons for him! The patience and the resource with which he illustrated and enforced every precept; the untiring gentleness with which he made our stubborn English tongues pronounce, and mispronounce, and re-pronounce certain words; above all, the sweetness of temper which never varied, were such as I have never seen equalled. If we wondered at these qualities when we were children, how much greater has been our surprise at their existence since we have been grown up, and have learnt that, until his emigration, he was a man of rapid and impulsive action, with the imperfect education implied in the circumstance that at fifteen he was a sous-lieutenant in the Queen's regiment, and must, consequently, have had to apply himself hard and conscientiously to master the language which he had in after-life to teach.

Twice we had holidays to suit his sad convenience. Holidays with us were not at Christmas and Midsummer, Easter and Michaelmas. If my mother was unusually busy, we had what we called a holiday; though, in reality, it involved harder work than our regular lessons; but we fetched and carried, and ran errands, and became rosy and dusty, and sang merry songs in the gaiety of our hearts. If the day was remarkably fine, my dear father — whose spirits were rather apt to vary with the weather — would come bursting in with his bright, kind, bronzed face, and carry the day by storm with my mother. "It was a shame to coop such young things up in a house," he would say, "when every other young animal was frolicking in the air and sunshine. Grammar! — what was that but the art of arranging words? — and he never knew a woman but could do that fast enough. Geography! — he would undertake to teach us more geography in one winter evening, telling us of the countries where he had been, with just a map before him, than we could learn in ten years with that stupid book, all full of hard words. As for the French — why that must be learnt, for he should not like M. de Chalabre to think we slighted the lessons he took so much pains to give us; but surely, we could get up the earlier to learn our French." We promised by acclamation; and my mother — sometimes smilingly, sometimes reluctantly — was always compelled to yield. And these were the usual occasions for our holidays. But twice we had a fortnight's entire cessation of French lessons; once in January, and once in October. Nor did we even see our dear French

master during those periods. We went several times to the top of the clover-field, to search the dark green outskirts of the forest with our busy eyes; and if we could have seen his figure in that shade, I am sure we should have scampered to him, forgetful of the prohibition which made the forest forbidden ground. But we did not see him.

It was the fashion in those days to keep children much less informed than they are now on the subjects which interest their parents. A sort of hieroglyphic or cipher talk was used, in order to conceal the meaning of much that was said, if children were present. My mother was a proficient in this way of talking, and took, we fancied, a certain pleasure in perplexing my father by inventing a new cipher, as it were, every day. For instance, for some time I was called *Martia*, because I was very tall of my age; and just as my father had begun to understand the name—and it must be owned, a good while after I had learnt to prick up my ears whenever *Martia* was named—my mother suddenly changed me into “the buttress,” from the habit I had acquired of leaning my languid length against a wall. I saw my father’s perplexity about this “buttress” for some days, and could have helped him out of it, but I durst not. And so, when the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth was executed, the news was too terrible to be put into plain English, and too terrible also to be made known to us children, nor could we at once find the clue to the cipher in which it was spoken about. We heard about “the Iris being blown down;” and saw my father’s honest loyal excitement about it, and the quiet reserve which always betokened some secret grief on my mother’s part.

We had no French lessons; and somehow the poor, battered, storm-torn Iris was to blame for this. It was many weeks after this before we knew the full reason of M. de Chalabre’s deep impression when he again came amongst us: why he shook his head when my mother timidly offered him some snowdrops on that first morning on which we began lessons again: why he wore the deep mourning of that day, when all of the dress that could be black was black, and the white muslin frills and ruffles were unstarched and limp, as if to bespeak the very abandonment of grief. We knew well enough the meaning of the next hieroglyphic announcement—“The wicked cruel boys had broken off the white Lily’s head!” That beautiful queen, whose portrait had once been shown to us, with her blue eyes, and her fair resolute look, her profusion of lightly powdered hair, her white neck adorned with strings of pearls. We could have cried, if we had dared, when we heard the transparent mysterious words. We did cry at night, sitting up in the bed, with our arms round each other’s necks, and wailing, in our weak, passionate, childish way, that if we lived long enough, that lady’s death avenged should be. No one who cannot remember that time can tell the shudder of horror that thrilled through the country at hearing of this last execution. At the moment, there was no time for any consideration of the silent horrors endured for centuries by the people, who

at length rose in their madness against their rulers. This last blow changed our dear M. de Chalabre. I never saw him again in quite the same gaiety of heart as before this time. There seemed to be tears very close behind his smiles for ever after. My father went to see him when he had been about a week absent from us—no reason given, for did not we, did not every one know the horror the sun had looked upon? As soon as my father had gone, my mother gave it in charge to us to make the dressing room belonging to our guest-chamber as much like a sitting room as possible. My father hoped to bring back M. de Chalabre for a visit to us; but he would probably like to be a good deal alone; and we might move any article of furniture we liked, if we only thought it would make him comfortable.

I believe General Ashburton had been on a somewhat similar errand to my father’s before; but he had failed. My father gained his point, as I afterwards learnt, in a very unconscious and characteristic manner. He had urged his invitation on M. de Chalabre, and received such a decided negative that he was hopeless, and quitted the subject. Then M. de Chalabre began to relieve his heart by telling him all the details; my father held his breath to listen—at last his honest heart could contain itself no longer, and the tears ran down his face. His unaffected sympathy touched M. de Chalabre inexpressibly; and in an hour after we saw our dear French master coming down the clover-field slope, leaning on my father’s arm, which he had involuntarily offered as a support to one in trouble—although he was slightly lame, and ten or fifteen years older than M. de Chalabre.

For a year after that time M. de Chalabre never wore any flowers; and after that to the day of his death, no gay or colored rose or carnation could tempt him. We secretly observed his taste, and always took care to bring him white flowers for his posy. I noticed, too, that on his left arm, under his coat sleeve (sleeves were made very open then), he always wore a small band of black crape. He lived to be eighty-one, but he had the black crape band on when he died.

M. de Chalabre was a favorite in all the forest circle. He was a great acquisition to the sociable dinner parties that were perpetually going on; and though some of the families piqued themselves on being aristocratic, and turned up their noses at any one who had been engaged in trade, however largely, M. de Chalabre, in right of his good blood, his loyalty, his daring “*preux chevalier*” actions, was ever an honored guest. He took his poverty, and the simple habits it enforced, so naturally and gaily as a mere trifling accident of his life, about which neither concealment nor shame could be necessary, that the very servants—often so much more pseudo-aristocratic than their masters—loved and respected the French gentleman, who perhaps came to teach in the mornings, and in the evenings made his appearance dressed with dainty neatness as a dinner guest. He came, lightly prancing through the forest mire; and, in our little hall, at any rate, he would pull out a neat minute case containing a blacking-brush

and blacking, and re-polish his boots, speaking gaily, in his broken English, to the footman all the time. That blacking case was his own making; he had a genius for using his fingers. After our lessons were over he relaxed into the familiar house friend—the merry playfellow. We lived far from any carpenter or joiner; if a lock was out of order M. de Chalabre made it right for us. If any box was wanted, his ingenious fingers had it before our lesson day. He turned silk winders for my mother, made a set of chessmen for my father, carved an elegant watch-case out of a rough beef bone—dressed up little cork dolls for us—in short, as he said, his heart would have been broken but for his joiner's tools. Nor were his ingenious gifts employed for us alone. The farmer's wife where he lodged had numerous contrivances in her house which he had made. One particularly which I remember was a paste-board, made after a French pattern, which would not slip about on a dresser, as he had observed her English paste-board do. Susan, the farmer's ruddy daughter, had her work-box, too, to show us; and her cousin-lover had a wonderful stick, with an extraordinary demon head carved upon it;—all by M. de Chalabre. Farmer, farmer's wife, Susan, Robert, and all were full of his praises.

We grew from children into girls—from girls into women; and still M. de Chalabre taught on in the forest; still he was beloved and honored; still no dinner-party within five miles was thought complete without him, and ten miles' distance strove to offer him a bed sooner than miss his company. The pretty merry Susan of sixteen had been jilted by the faithless Robert; and was now a comely demure damsel of thirty-one or two; still waiting upon M. de Chalabre, and still constant in respectfully singing his praises. My own poor mother was dead; my sister was engaged to be married to a young lieutenant, who was with his ship in the Mediterranean. My father was as youthful as ever in heart, and indeed in many of his ways; only his hair was quite white, and the old lameness was more frequently troublesome than it had been. An uncle of his had left him a considerable fortune, so he farmed away to his heart's content, and lost an annual sum of money with the best grace and the lightest heart in the world. There were not even the gentle reproaches of my mother's eyes to be dreaded now.

Things were in this state when the peace of eighteen hundred and fourteen was declared. We had heard so many and such contradictory rumors that we were inclined to doubt even the "Gazette" at last, and were discussing probabilities with some vehemence, when M. de Chalabre entered the room, unannounced and breathless:

"My friends, give me joy!" he said. "The Bourbons"—he could not go on; his features, nay his very fingers, worked with agitation, but he could not speak. My father hastened to relieve him:

"We have heard the good news (you see, girls, it is quite true this time). I do congratulate you, my dear friend. I am glad." And he seized M. de Chalabre's hand in his own hearty gripe, and brought the nervous agitation of the latter to a

close by unconsciously administering a pretty severe dose of wholesome pain.

"I go to London. I go straight this afternoon to see my sovereign. My sovereign holds a court to-morrow at Grillon's Hotel; I go to pay him my devoirs. I put on my uniform of Gardes du Corps, which I have laid by these many years; a little old, a little worm-eaten; but never mind; they have been seen by Marie Antoinette, which gives them a grace for ever." He walked about the room in a nervous, hurried way. There was something on his mind, and we signed to my father to be silent for a moment or two, and let it come out. "No!" said M. de Chalabre, after a moment's pause. "I cannot say adieu; for I shall return to say, dear friends, my adieux. I did come a poor emigrant; noble Englishmen took me for their friend, and welcomed me to their houses. Chalabre is one large mansion, and my English friends will not forsake me; they will come and see me in my own country; and, for their sakes not an English beggar shall pass the doors of Chalabre without being warmed, and clothed, and fed. I will not say adieu. I go now but for two days."

#### CHAPTER THE SECOND.

My father insisted upon driving M. de Chalabre in his gig to the nearest town through which the London mail passed; and, during the short time that elapsed before my father was ready, he told us something more about Chalabre. He had never spoken of his ancestral home to any of us before; we knew little of his station in his own country. General Ashburton had met with him in Paris, in a set where a man was judged of by his wit and talent for society, and general brilliance of character, rather than by his wealth and hereditary position. Now we learned for the first time that he was heir to considerable estates in Normandy; to an old Chateau Chalabre; all of which he had forfeited by his emigration, it was true, but that was under another régime.

"Ah! if my dear friend—your poor mother—were alive now, I could send her such slips of rare and splendid roses from Chalabre. Often when I did see her nursing up some poor little specimen, I longed in secret for my rose garden at Chalabre. And the orange! Ah! Miss Fanny, the bride must come to Chalabre who wishes for a beautiful wreath." This was an allusion to my sister's engagement—a fact well known to him, as the faithful family friend.

My father came back in high spirits; and began to plan that very evening how to arrange his crops for the ensuing year so as best to spare time for a visit to Chateau Chalabre; and, as for us, I think that we believed that there was no need to delay our French journey beyond the autumn of the present year.

M. de Chalabre came back in a couple of days; a little damped, we girls fancied, though we hardly liked to speak about it to my father. However, M. de Chalabre explained it to us by saying, that he had found London more crowded and busy than he had expected; that it was



smoky and dismal after leaving the country, where the trees were already coming into leaf; and, when we pressed him a little more respecting the reception at Grillon's, he laughed at himself for having forgotten the tendency of the Count de Provence in former days to become stout, and so being dismayed at the mass of corpulence which Louis the Eighteenth presented, as he toiled up the long drawing-room of the hotel.

"But what did he say to you?" Fanny asked. "How did he receive you, when you were presented?"

A flash of pain passed over his face, but it was gone directly.

"Oh! his majesty did not recognize my name. It was hardly to be expected he would; though it is a name of note in Normandy; and I have—well! that is worth nothing. The Duc de Duras reminded him of a circumstance or two, which I had almost hoped his majesty would not have forgotten: but I myself forgot the pressure of long years of exile; it was no wonder he did not remember me. He said he hoped to see me at the Tuileries. His hopes are my laws. I go to prepare for my departure. If his majesty does not need my sword, I turn it into a ploughshare at Chalabre. Ah! my friend, I will not forget there all the agricultural science I have learned from you!"

A gift of a hundred pounds would not have pleased my father so much as this last speech. He began forthwith to enquire about the nature of the soil, etc., in a way which made our poor M. de Chalabre shrug his shoulders in despairing ignorance.

"Never mind!" said my father. "Rome was not built in a day. It was a long time before I learnt all that I know now. I was afraid I could not leave home this autumn, but I perceive you'll need some one to advise you about laying out the ground for next year's crops."

So M. de Chalabre left our neighborhood, with the full understanding that we were to pay him a visit in his Norman Château in the following September; nor was he content until he had persuaded every one who had shown him kindness to promise him a visit at some appointed time. As for his old landlord at the farm, the comely dame and buxom Susan—they, we found, were to be franked there and back, under the pretence that the French dairymaids had no notion of cleanliness, any more than that the French farming men were judges of stock; so it was absolutely necessary to bring over some one from England to put the affairs of the Château Chalabre in order: and farmer Dobson and his wife considered the favor quite reciprocal.

For sometime we did not hear from our friend. The war had made the post between France and England very uncertain; so we were obliged to wait, and we tried to be patient; but, somehow, our autumn visit to France was silently given up; and my father gave us long expositions of the disordered state of affairs in a country which had suffered so much as France, and lectured us severely on the folly of having expected to hear so soon. We knew, all the while, that the exposition was repeated to soothe his own impatience,

and that the admonition to patience was what he felt that he himself was needing.

At last the letter came. There was a brave attempt at cheerfulness in it, which nearly made me cry, more than any complaints would have done. M. de Chalabre had hoped to retain his commission as Sous Lieutenant in the Garde du Corps—a commission signed by Louis the Sixteenth himself, in seventeen hundred and ninety-one. But the regiment was to be remodelled or reformed, I forget which; and M. de Chalabre assured us that his was not the only case where applicants had been refused. He had then tried for a commission in the Cent Suisses, the Gardes du Porte, the Mousquetaires, but all were full. "Was it not a glorious thing for France to have so many brave sons ready to fight on the side of honor and loyalty?" To which question Fanny replied, "that it was a shame;" and my father, after a grunt or two, comforted himself by saying, "that M. de Chalabre would have the more time to attend to his neglected estate."

That winter was full of incidents in our home. As it often happens when a family has seemed stationary, and secure from change for years, and then at last one important event happens, another is sure to follow. Fanny's lover returned, and they were married, and left us alone—my father and I. Her husband's ship was stationed in the Mediterranean, and she was to go and live at Malta, with some of his relations there. I know not if it was the agitation of parting with her, but my father was stricken down from health into confirmed invalidism, by a paralytic stroke, soon after her departure; and my interests were confined to the fluctuating reports of a sick-room. I did not care for the foreign intelligence which was shaking Europe with a universal tremor. My hopes, my fears, were centred in one frail human body—my dearly beloved, my most loving father. I kept a letter in my pocket for days, from M. de Chalabre, unable to find the time to decipher his French hieroglyphics; at last I read it aloud to my poor father, rather as a test of his power of enduring interest, than because I was impatient to know what it contained. The news in it was depressing enough, as everything else seemed to be that gloomy winter. A rich manufacturer of Rouen had bought the Château Chalabre; forfeited to the nation by its former possessor's emigration. His son, M. du Fay, was well-affected towards Louis the Eighteenth—at least as long as his government was secure, and promised to be stable so as not to affect the dyeing and selling of Turkey-red wools; and so the natural legal consequence was, that M. du Fay, fils, was not to be disturbed in his purchased and paid-for property. My father cared to hear of this disappointment to our poor friend—cared just for one day, and forgot all about it the next. Then came the return from Elba—the harrying events of that spring—the battle of Waterloo; and to my poor father, in his second childhood, the choice of a daily pudding was far more important than all.

One Sunday, in that August of eighteen hundred and fifteen, I went to church. It was many weeks since I had been able to leave my father for so long a time before. Since I had been last



there to worship, it seemed as if my youth had passed away; gone without a warning; leaving no trace behind. After service, I went through the long grass to the unfrequented part of the churchyard where my dear mother lay buried. A garland of brilliant yellow immortelles lay on her grave; and the unwonted offering took me by surprise. I knew of the foreign custom, although I had never seen the kind of wreath before. I took it up, and read one word in the black floral letters; it was simply "Adieu." I knew, from the first moment I saw it, that M. de Chalabre must have returned to England. Such a token of regard was like him, and could spring from no one else. But I wondered a little that we had never heard or seen anything of him; nothing, in fact, since Lady Ashburton had told me that her husband had met with him in Belgium, hurrying to offer himself as a volunteer to one of the eleven generals appointed by the Duc de Feltre to receive such applications. General Ashburton himself had since this died at Brussels, in consequence of wounds received at Waterloo. As the recollection of all these circumstances gathered in my mind, I found I was drawing near the field-path which led out of the direct road home, to farmer Dobson's; and thither I suddenly determined to go, and hear if they had learnt anything respecting their former lodger. As I went up the garden-walk leading to the house, I caught M. de Chalabre's eye; he was gazing abstractedly out of the window of what used to be his sitting-room. In an instant he had joined me in the garden. If my youth had flown, his youth and middle-age as well had vanished altogether. He looked older by at least twenty years than when he had left us twelve months ago. How much of this was owing to the change in the arrangement of his dress I cannot tell. He had formerly been remarkably dainty in all these things; now he was careless, even to the verge of slovenliness. He asked after my sister, after my father, in a manner which evinced the deepest, most respectful interest; but, somehow, it appeared to me as if he hurried question after question rather to stop any inquiries which I, in my turn, might wish to make.

"I return here to my duties; to my only duties. The good God has not seen me fit to undertake any higher. Henceforth I am the faithful French teacher; the diligent, punctual French teacher, nothing more. But I do hope to teach the French language as becomes a gentleman and a Christian; to do my best. Henceforth, the grammar and the syntax are my estate, my coat of arms." He said this with a proud humility which prevented any reply. I could only change the subject, and urge him to come and see my poor sick father. He replied:—

"To visit the sick, that is my duty, as well as my pleasure. For the mere society—I renounce all that. That is now beyond my position, to which I accommodate myself with all my strength."

Accordingly, when he came to spend an hour with my father, he brought a small bundle of printed papers, announcing the terms on which M. Chalabre (the "de" was dropped now and

for evermore) was desirous of teaching French, and a little paragraph at the bottom of the page solicited the patronage of schools. Now this was a great coming down. In former days, not teaching at schools had been the line which marked that M. de Chalabre had taken up teaching rather as an amateur profession, than with any intention of devoting his life to it. He respectfully asked me to distribute these papers where I thought fit. I say "respectfully" advisedly; there was none of the old deferential gallantry, as offered by a gentleman to a lady, his equal in birth and fortune—instead, there was the matter of fact respect and statement which a workman offers to his employer. Only in my father's room, he was the former M. de Chalabre; he seemed to understand how vain would be all attempts to recount or explain the circumstances which had led him so decidedly to take a lower level in society. To my father to the day of his death, M. de Chalabre maintained the old easy footing; assumed a gaiety which he never even pretended to feel anywhere else; listened to my father's childish interests with a true and kindly sympathy for which I ever felt grateful, although he purposely put a deferential reserve between him and me, as a barrier to any expression of such feeling on my part.

His former lessons had been held in such high esteem by those who were privileged to receive them, that he was soon sought after on all sides. The schools of the two principal county towns put forward their claims, and considered it a favor to receive his instructions. Morning, noon, and night, he was engaged; even if he had not proudly withdrawn himself from all merely society engagements, he would have had no leisure for them. His only visits were paid to my father, who looked for them with a kind of childish longing. One day, to my surprise, he asked to be allowed to speak to me for an instant alone. He stood silent for a moment, turning his hat in his hand.

"You have a right to know—you, my first pupil; next Tuesday I marry myself to Miss Susan Dobson—good, respectable woman, to whose happiness I mean to devote my life, or as much of it as is not occupied with the duties of instruction." He looked up at me, expecting congratulations perhaps; but I was too much stunned with my surprise. The buxom, red-armed, apple-cheeked Susan who, when she blushed, blushed the color of beet root; who did not know a word of French; who regarded the nation (always excepting the gentleman before me) as frog-eating Mounseers, the national enemies of England! I afterwards thought, that perhaps this very ignorance constituted one of her chief charms. No word, nor allusion, nor expressive silence, nor regretful sympathetic sighs, could remind M. de Chalabre of the bitter past, which he was evidently striving to forget. And, most assuredly, never man had a more devoted and admiring wife than poor Susan made M. de Chalabre. She was a little awed by him, to be sure; never quite at her ease before him; but I imagine husbands do not dislike such a tribute to their Jupiter-ship. Madame Chalabre received my call, after their marriage, with a de-

gree of sober, rustic, happy dignity, which I could not have foreseen in Susan Dobson. They had taken a small cottage on the borders of the forest; it had a garden round it, and the cow, pigs, and poultry, which were to be her charge, found their keep in the forest. She had a rough country servant to assist her in looking after them; and in what scanty leisure he had, her husband attended to the garden and the bees. Madame Chalabre took me over the neatly furnished cottage with evident pride. "Moussire," as she called him, had done this; Moussire had fitted up that. Moussire was evidently a man of resource. In a little closet of a dressing-room belonging to Moussire, there hung a pencil drawing, elaborately finished to the condition of a bad pocket-book engraving. It caught my eye, and I lingered to look at it. It represented a high narrow house of considerable size, with four pepper-box turrets at each corner; and a stiff avenue formed the foreground.

"Château Chalabre?" said I inquisitively.

"I never asked," my companion replied. "Moussire does not always like to be asked questions. It is the picture of some place he is very fond of, for he won't let me dust it for fear I should smear it."

M. de Chalabre's marriage did not diminish the number of his visits to my father. Until that beloved parent's death, he was faithful in doing all he could to lighten the gloom of the sick room. But a chasm, which he had opened, separated any present intercourse with him from the free unreserved friendship that had existed formerly. And yet for his sake I used to go and see his wife. I could not forget early days, nor the walks to the top of the clover field, nor the little posies, nor my mother's dear regard for the emigrant gentleman; nor a thousand little kindnesses which he had shown to my absent sister and myself. He did not forget either in the closed and sealed chambers of his heart. So, for his sake, I tried to become a friend to his wife; and she learned to look upon me as such. It was my employment in the sick chamber to make clothes for the little expected Chalabre baby; and its mother would fain (as she told me) have asked me to carry the little infant to the font, but that her husband somewhat austere reminded her that they ought to seek a *marraine* among those of their own station in society. But I regarded the pretty little Susan as my god-child nevertheless in my heart; and secretly pledged myself always to take an interest in her. Not two months after my father's death, a sister was born; and the human heart in M. de Chalabre subdued his pride; the child was to bear the pretty name of his French mother, although France could find no place for him, and had cast him out. That youngest little girl was called Aimée.

When my father died, Fanny and her husband urged me to leave Brookfield, and come and live with them at Valetta. The estate was left to us; but an eligible tenant offered himself; and my health, which had suffered materially during my long nursing, did render it desirable for me to seek some change to a warmer climate. So I went abroad, ostensibly for a year's residence

only; but, somehow, that year has grown into a lifetime. Malta and Genoa have been my dwelling places ever since. Occasionally, it is true, I have paid visits to England, but I have never looked upon it as my home since I left it thirty years ago. During these visits I have seen the Chalabres. He had become more absorbed in his occupation than ever; had published a French grammar on some new principle, of which he presented me with a copy, taking some pains to explain how it was to be used. Madame looked plump and prosperous; the farm which was under her management had thriven; and as for the two daughters, behind their English shyness, they had a good deal of French piquancy and *esprit*. I induced them to take some walks with me, with a view of asking them some questions which should make our friendship an individual reality, not merely an hereditary feeling; but the little monkeys put me through my catechism, and asked me innumerable questions about France, which they evidently regarded as their country. "How do you know all about French habits and customs?" asked I. "Does Monsieur de—does your father talk to you much about France?"

"Sometimes, when we are alone with him—never when any one is by," answered Susan, the elder, a grave, noble-looking girl, of twenty or thereabouts. "I think he does not speak about France before my mother, for fear of hurting her." "And I think," said little Aimée, "that he does not speak at all, when he can help it; it is only when his heart gets too full with recollections, that he is obliged to talk to us, because many of the thoughts could not be said in English."

"Then I suppose you are two famous French scholars."

"Oh yes! Papa always speaks to us in French; it is our own language."

But with all their devotion to their father and to his country, they were most affectionate, dutiful daughters to their mother. They were her companions, her comforts in the pleasant household labors; most practical, useful young women. But in a privacy not the less sacred, because it was understood rather than prescribed, they kept all the enthusiasm, all the romance of their nature for their father. They were the confidantes of that poor exile's yearnings for France; the eager listeners to what he chose to tell them of his early days. His words wrought up Susan to make the resolution that, if ever she felt herself free from home duties and responsibilities, she would become a Sister of Charity, like Anna-Marguerite de Chalabre, her father's great-aunt, and model of woman's sanctity. As for Aimée, come what might, she never would leave her father; and that was all she was clear about in picturing her future.

Three years ago I was in Paris. An English friend of mine who lives there—English by birth, but married to a German professor, and very French in manners and ways—asked me to come to her house one evening. I was far from well, and disinclined to stir out.

"Oh, but come!" said she. "I have a good reason; really a tempting reason. Perhaps this very evening a piece of poetical justice will be done in my *salon*. A living romance! Now, can you resist?"

"What is it?" said I; for she was rather in the habit of exaggerating trifles into romances.

"A young lady is coming; not in the first youth, but still young, very pretty; daughter of a French *émigré*, whom my husband knew in Belgium, and who has lived in England ever since."

"I beg your pardon, but what is her name?" interrupted I, roused to interest.

"De Chalabre. Do you know her?"

"Yes; I am much interested in her. I will gladly come to meet her. How long has she been in Paris? Is it Susan or Aimée?"

"Now I am not to be balked of the pleasure of telling you my romance; my hoped-for bit of poetical justice. You must be patient, and you will have answers to all your questions."

I sank back in my easy chair. Some of my friends are rather long-winded, and it is as well to be settled in a comfortable position before they begin to talk.

"I told you a minute ago, that my husband had become acquainted with M. de Chalabre in eighteen hundred and fifteen. They have kept up a correspondence ever since; not a very brisk one, it is true, for M. de Chalabre was a French master in England, and my husband a professor in Paris; but still they managed to let each other know how they were going on, and what they were doing, once, if not twice every year. For myself, I never saw M. de Chalabre."

"I know him well," said I. "I have known him all my life."

"A year ago his wife died (she was an Englishwoman); she had had a long and suffering illness; and his eldest daughter had devoted herself to her with the patient sweetness of an angel, as he told us, and I can well believe. But after her mother's death, the world, it seems, became distasteful to her: she had been inured to the half-lights, the hushed voices, the constant thought for others required in a sick room, and the noise and rough bustle of healthy people jarred upon her. So she pleaded with her father to allow her to become a Sister of Charity. She told him that he would have given a welcome to any suitor who came to offer to marry her, and bear her away from her home, and her father and sister; and now, when she was called by Religion, would he grudge to part with her? He gave his consent, if not his full approbation; and he wrote to my husband to beg me to receive her here, while we sought out a convent into which she could be received. She has been with me two months, and endeared herself to me unspeakably; she goes home next week, unless"—

"But, I beg your pardon; did you not say she wished to become a Sister of Charity?"

"It is true; but she was too old to be admitted into their order. She is eight-and-twenty. It has been a grievous disappointment to her; she has borne it very patiently and meekly, but I can see how deeply she has felt it. And now for my romance. My husband had a pupil some ten years ago, a M. du Fay, a clever scientific young man, one of the first merchants of Rouen. His grandfather purchased M. de Chalabre's ancestral estate. The present M. du Fay came on business to Paris two or three days ago, and invited my

husband to a little dinner; and somehow this story of Suzette Chalabre came out, in consequence of inquiries my husband was making for an escort to take her to England. M. du Fay seemed interested with the story; and asked my husband if he might pay his respects to me, some evening when Suzette should be in,—and so is coming to-night, he, and a friend of his, who was at the dinner party the other day; will you come?"

I went, more in the hope of seeing Susan Chalabre, and hearing some news about my early home, than with any expectation of "poetical justice." And in that I was right; and yet I was wrong. Susan Chalabre was a grave, gentle woman, of an enthusiastic and devoted appearance, not unlike that portrait of his daughter which arrests every eye in Ary Scheffer's sacred pictures. She was silent and sad; her cherished plan of life was uprooted. She talked to me a little in a soft and friendly manner, answering any questions I asked; but, as for the gentlemen, her indifference and reserve made it impossible for them to enter into any conversation with her; and the meeting was indisputably "flat."

"Oh! my romance! my poetical justice! Before the evening was half over, I would have given up all my castles in the air for one well-sustained conversation of ten minutes long. Now don't laugh at me, for I can't bear it to-night." Such was my friend's parting speech. I did not see her again for two days. The third, she came in glowing with excitement.

"You may congratulate me after all; if it was not poetical justice, it is prosaic justice; and, except for the empty romance, that is a better thing!"

"What do you mean?" said I. "Surely M. du Fay has not proposed for Susan!"

"No! but that charming M. de Frez, his friend, has; that is to say, not proposed but spoken; no, not spoken, but it seems he asked M. du Fay—whose confidant he was—if he was intending to proceed in his idea of marrying Suzette; and on hearing that he was not, M. de Frez said that he should come to us, and ask us to put him in the way of prosecuting the acquaintance, for that he had been charmed with her; looks, voice, silence, he admires them all; and we have arranged that he is to be the escort to England; he has business there, he says; and as for Suzette, (she knows nothing of all this, of course, for who dared tell her?) all her anxiety is to return home and the first person travelling to England will satisfy her, if it does us. And after all, M. de Frez lives within five leagues of the Château Chalabre, so she can go and see the old place whenever she will."

When I went to bid Susan goodbye, she looked as unconscious and dignified as ever. No idea of a lover had ever crossed her mind. She considered M. de Frez as a kind of necessary incumbrance for the journey. I had not much hopes for him; and yet he was an agreeable man enough, and my friends told me that his character stood firm and high.

In three months I was settled, for the winter, in Rome. In four, I heard that the marriage of Susan Chalabre had taken place. What were the intermediate steps between the cold, civil indif-

ference with which I had last seen her regarding her travelling companion, and the full love with which such a woman as Suzette Chalabre must love a man before she could call him husband, I never learnt. I wrote to my old French master to congratulate him, as I believed I honestly might, on his daughter's marriage. It was some months before I received his answer. It was:—

"Dear friend, dear old pupil, dear child of the beloved dead, I am an old man of eighty, and I tremble towards the grave. I cannot write many words; but my own hand shall bid you come to the home of Aimée and her husband. They tell me to ask you to come and see the old father's birthplace, while he is yet alive to show it to you. I have the very apartment in Château Chalabre that was mine when I was a boy, and my mother came in to bless me every night. Susan lives near us. The good God bless my sons-in-law, Bertrand de Frez and Alphonse du Fay, as He has blessed me all my life long. I think of your father and mother, my dear; and you must think no harm when I tell you I have had masses said for the repose of their souls. If I make a mistake, God will forgive."

My heart could have interpreted this letter even without the pretty letter of Aimée and her husband which accompanied it; and which told

how, when du Fay came over to his friend's wedding, he had seen the younger sister, and in her seen his fate. The soft, caressing, timid Aimée was more to his taste than the grave and stately Susan. Yet little Aimée managed to rule imperiously at Château Chalabre; or rather, her husband was delighted to indulge her every wish: while Susan, in her grand way, made rather a pomp of her conjugal obedience. But they were both good wives, good daughters.

This last summer you might have seen an old, old man, dressed in gray, with white flowers in his button-hole (gathered by a grandchild as fair as they), leading an elderly lady about the grounds of Château Chalabre, with tottering, unsteady eagerness of gait.

"Here!" said he to me, "just here my mother bade me adieu when first I went to join my regiment. I was impatient to go; I mounted—I rode to yonder great chestnut, and then, looking back, I saw my mother's sorrowful countenance. I sprang off, threw the reins to the groom, and ran back for one more embrace. "My brave boy!" she said; "my own! Be faithful to God and your king!" I never saw her more; but I shall see her soon; and I think I may tell her I have been faithful both to my God and my king."

Before now, he has told his mother all.

From Punch.

### MISSISSIPPI BREAKING HER BONDS.

BIND the woolly-haired slave, tarred with Nature's own brush,  
With base manacles load him; with vile shackles crush;

He has no right to kick off his fetters, not he,  
But Bonds didn't ought to encumber the Free!

Let Europe's old monarchies labor and groan  
Beneath the hard burden and weight of a Loan!  
To be sure, though, Spain *has* had the courage  
to get

The directest way out of the irons of debt.

Cut 'em through—that's the plan—as you'd  
sever a stick;  
It don't take but one stroke, and 'tis done smooth  
and slick;  
Hurl the bits off to fly on the wild winds afar!  
Unless you keep one just to light a cigar.

For they are but paper—is paper to bind  
The young Eagle to Earth, when to soar he's a  
mind?

He will snap the weak chain the first instant he  
springs

With the sun in his eye and the steam in his  
Wings.

Loss of credit! what's that to the souls who rely  
On themselves, and the hiss of the world can  
defy?

What is debt? Don't the talented EMERSON say  
We have got other debts, besides money, to pay?

We reckon those other debts due first to fall,  
The cash debt's the one we'll pay last of all;  
That's the genuine rule by which true Genius  
goes

In settling the endless account which it owes.

From the glorious fact, that our bonds we have  
burst,  
Let mankind learn the lesson of thorough self-  
trust,

Though our sister States credit may cease to  
obtain,  
And no mortal will trust Mississippi again!

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

### I AM NOT OLD.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I am not old—though years have cast  
Their shadows on my way;  
I am not old—though youth has passed  
On rapid wings away.

For in my heart a fountain flows,  
And round it pleasant thoughts repose;  
And sympathies and feelings high  
Spring like the stars on evening's sky.

I am not old—Time may have set  
"His signet on my brow."  
And some faint furrows there have met,  
Which care may deepen now;  
Yet love, fond love, a chaplet weaves  
Of fresh young buds and verdant leaves;  
And still in fancy I can twine  
Thoughts, sweet as flowers, that once were  
mine.

From The Athenæum.

*The Thistle and the Cedar of Lebanon.* By Habeeb Risk Allah Effendi. Madden.

A PICTURE of life and scenes in the Lebanon, by a native of the mountains, is somewhat of a novelty, and is interesting in proportion to its novelty. Especially is this the case now, when almost every mail brings us from the coasts of Syria a tale of rising agitation, movements of Moslem, Maronite, or Druse, in that perplexing home of the "Asian mystery." Risk Allah writes of his country, describes its habits, manners and ceremonial life with Oriental grace and freedom, in a style at once clear, bright and musical, and with an ease which everywhere betrays familiar knowledge of the theme.

The title of "*The Thistle and the Cedar of Lebanon*" is itself an Eastern fancy, — one, we must say, open to not a little good-natured quizzing. The work is biographical: — but its interest lies less in the personal details, the change of place and change of fortune of its professed hero, than in the broader views which it affords of life in the Lebanon. In our extracts therefore we shall not trouble our readers with the series of adventures by which the little Syrian boy of Shuwei-fat became "an Associate of King's College, London, and a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons." Suffice it thus to indicate in a line the point of departure and the point of arrival — the alpha and omega of his career so far as this is now completed.

Our extracts shall begin with an account of a piratical attack on Beyrout by Greek corsairs. We may note, in passing, that while Attica and the Morea were subject to Turkish misrule, every high-spirited Greek was either a klepht or a corsair; waging war in an irregular, but disturbing and destructive, fashion against the power which weighed on him. There was no disgrace in this to a true Greek so far as the public opinion of his own country was concerned. The corsair was a popular hero, of which this country has fortunately had no parallel examples — unless we may so consider the sea-lives of the two Princes Rupert and Maurice. The klepht was a Greek Robin Hood; a man of the people, who leaned on popular support for his safety and success. The corsair was also a hero to the fisherman and peasant. His countrymen sympathized with him in his adventures, and rejoiced in the wounds which he inflicted on the enemies of his race and creed. To return to our author: —

It was on Palm Sunday, in, I think, the year 1827. The harbor had been deserted for some few days; there was not even an Arab boat at the anchorage: and on the eventful evening I am now describing, the eye might have vainly swept

the horizon seeking for indications of an approaching sail. This, however, was no uncommon event in those days, when the commerce of Beyrout was yet in its infancy. None imagined, on retiring to rest that night, that impending danger was so close at hand. Midnight had, however, scarcely chimed, and the last occupant of the latest open coffee-house crept home to his hovel, when a tumult arose, and the night air was filled with shrieks and lamentations, mingled with the startling reports of fire-arms. There was a rush in the streets of many people running for their lives; and all the inmates of my father's household being now thoroughly awakened, ran out also and joined the flying multitude. The Bab Yacoob, leading to Damascus and Lebanon, was open and unguarded. We fled with the concourse towards the mountains, favored in our retreat by the obscurity of the night; nor did any think of stopping to breathe or repose till they had gained the summit of one of the neighboring hills. Here, finding no signs of pursuit, and the clamor and report of fire-arms having died away in the distance, the frightened populace halted anxiously to await the first dawn of day which was to enable them to secure their retreat to the neighboring villages. All were totally ignorant as to the cause of the sudden panic, but many labored under the absurd notion that the place had been attacked by Russian troops. None, however, stopped to be better informed on the subject; but, renewing their flight with the first light of morning, each betook himself and family to that village with which he was best acquainted; and, for the next few weeks the Lebanon district was inundated with the scared refugees from Beyrout. \* \* A ruffianly horde of piratical Greeks, allured by the hopes of meeting with rich booty, had made this sudden descent upon the peaceful and unsuspecting inhabitants. They had entered the town without resistance, and once in possession of the Quai, had unhesitatingly commenced the work of despoliation. Whole warehouses were stripped — money and rich jewelry carried off — murder and every atrocious crime, the offspring of villany, had been perpetrated. To secure the gold coins and jewelry worn by the women on their heads, wrists, and ankles, the wretches never hesitated to make use of the knife; and ear-rings were wrenched forcibly from the ears of the hapless victims. When the pirates were satiated with plunder, they broke and destroyed what was left; and then setting fire to different parts of the town, they betook themselves with their booty to their boats, and thus disappeared.

A Syrian who has personally suffered by the Greek freebooters is not likely to reason calmly on the subject of the corsair: — any more than the man whose son has been killed by lightning is likely to comprehend the beautiful and beneficial action of electrical currents. Deeper questions are involved than those which lie on the surfaces of the argument. An historical inquirer, remembering the fixed antipathies of religion and race, and seeing in the Peloponnesian Greeks the direct descendants of those armed bands of priestly warriors, or



ganized by Christian Europe in the most impregnable places of the Mediterranean—at Rhodes, at Cyprus and at Malta,—will pause before he includes them in one broad act of unqualified condemnation.

Leaving correction and controversy, however, let us drop down into the gardens of Damascus, and look about us with our Syrian guide.

Damascus, like most Eastern towns, has nothing to boast of in the outside appearance of its rough unwhitewashed houses. Its streets are narrow, dark and intricate—crowds of people—caravans of camels—mules—and troops of donkeys—are all perpetually on the move, though not with that rapidity of locomotion so striking to a foreigner on his first visit to London. The stranger is struck dumb with amazement and disappointment. He has heard so much and he sees so little, that his first exclamation is sure to be, "Can this really be Sham-al Sharif?—the much-praised Damascus;—the so-styled paradise of the East!" Yes, stranger, this is the justly celebrated Damascus; but the secret cause of your amazement lies hid as the kernel in the shell of a nut, the outer surface of which is the walls of the houses, while within lies concealed the sweet kernel. Open the street-door of rough and unpolished wood; and after carefully closing the same, as if by magic, the whole train of your thoughts and your discontentment will be diverted into another channel, and you will be struck with surprise and admiration, as the hidden beauties of the city will then burst upon your view. The same may be said with regard to the ladies of Damascus, notoriously the handsomest women in the East—Houris, whose bright eyes have afforded an endless theme for the poet's song! Forms carefully enveloped in white and colored *izars*—features muffled up and completely disguised by hideous black veils! That man must needs be a magician who could identify his own wife or sister from amidst the herd of ghostly figures continually flitting to and fro in the streets; though now and then some Eastern *akruti* (coquette) may even here be found slyly contriving to allow the light of her sparkling eyes to beam through this dark screen. Here also is the same mystery, and the beauty lies concealed within the outer shell. Now standing in a spacious quadrangle, exquisitely paved with marble, we take a hasty survey of all around us. In the centre is a square basin of clear crystal-like water, in which gold and silver fish are playfully swimming about; and in the middle of this *birkat* a fountain continually throws its sportive jets to return in showers of pearls upon the many pretty little flowers that are planted round the borders. An arcade supported by elegant columns, runs round three sides; and the fourth side of the quadrangle is occupied by the lower apartments of the house. The *corna* (or cornices) are all ornamented with Arabic inscriptions, both in poetry and prose, being invariably Scripture texts. In little *fistakiars*, or parterres walled in with marble slabs, a few choice orange and lemon trees are carefully cultivated; and it is difficult to say whether the sweet odor of their blossoms

is not rivalled, or even surpassed, by the delicious fragrance of the roses and rich *Baghdad ful* (or dwarf jessamine,) which so thickly cluster about their roots. Of the interior of such a house no one could have given a better idea than did his Excellency Mohammed Pacha, the late ambassador to the court of St. James, who happening, during his residence in London to give a ball, fitted up some of the apartments so as to exactly represent the interior of a Damascus house. These rooms were the leading topic of chit-chat among the fashionables of London for many weeks afterwards.

From the gardens, we proceed to the fair inhabitants. Here is a young Damascene, worthy to have been painted by the Pilgrim whose wanderings are in search of Beauty:

We will first describe the daughter of the host—a very fair specimen of her sex in Damascus: her eyes are beautifully dark; her eyelashes, eyebrows, and hair, of a glossy jet-black; the latter tinged with *henna*, hangs down her back, and reaches nearly to the ground in a succession of plaits, each terminating with black silk braid, knotted and interwoven with various-sized golden coins; her features (excepting the eyes) are small but compact. The nose is Grecian, the lips cherry, and slightly pouting; the chin, dimpled; the form of the face, oval; and the complexion clear, with a rosy tint. The bust and figure are unexceptionable; the arms comely; the wrists and ankles, well turned; and the feet and hands, perfect models for a sculptor. Yet this is one out of the many nondescript beings that we encountered with *izar* and veil in the street. Her face and figure are well set off by the head-dress and oriental costume. On the top of her head she wears a small red cap, which is encircled by a handsomely flowered-handkerchief, and over the latter strings of pearls and pieces of small gold money are tastefully arranged in festoons. In the centre of her red cap is a diamond-crescent, from which hangs a long golden cord, with a blue-silk tassel, usually ornamented with pearls; her vest fits tight, and admirably displays the unlaced figure. In summer, this vest is of blue or pink satin, bordered and fringed with gold-lace; in winter, cloth, edged with fur, is substituted for the satin; and over the vest is worn a short grey jacket, chastely embroidered with black silk braid. The vest is confined to the waist by a *zunnar*, in summer, of a silk Tripoli scarf; in winter, by a costly Cashmere shawl; and from under this, a long robe reaches to her ankles, and is divided into two long lapels, lined with satin and fringed with costly trimmings. This latter robe partially conceals the *shirwal*, or full trousers, which hang loosely over, and are fastened round the ankles; the tasty mixture of colors, and the graceful arrangement, renders the costume a perfect study.

From the Damascene in particular, we pass on to view the fair Damascenes in general, and to consider their relations to the sterner sex.

Her walk and action are as graceful as her fig-

nre and face are prepossessing; but beyond the *naam* (yes) and *la* (no) of conversation, you can seldom get a word from her unless you are a very intimate friend of the family; and then these young ladies are as fond of a little romping or quizzing as their more accomplished and more elegant sisters of the North. It is a mistake to imagine that the natives of the Turkish empire are wholly excluded from any friendly intercourse with the women of those countries—a tale which has gained credence and been perseveringly maintained by travellers, few of whom have ever had an opportunity of testing the truth of the report by personal experience. Amongst the higher classes of the Greek persuasion, in particular, every freedom exists in-doors: young ladies not only show themselves, but, after serving the guest with coffee and sweetmeats, they will seat themselves on the edge of the divan, and soon manage to join in the conversation. This state of freedom exists, to a greater or less degree, till the young girl is betrothed; then it is not considered decorous that she should be present whenever her intended bridegroom visits the house, neither should she hear his name mentioned. Even amongst Turks, and more especially in the villages and smaller towns of Syria, the young Mohammedan sees and converses with the future object of his love until she attains her eleventh or twelfth year; she is then excluded from the society of men; but womanhood has already begun to develop itself in the person of the girl of ten or eleven years old in these climates, where they are oftentimes wives and mothers at thirteen. Hence love exists between the young couple before the destined bridegroom urges his mother to make the requisite proposals of marriage. He loses sight of his lady-love as soon as she enters upon womanhood, though he may, by means of a third party, catch an occasional glimpse of her features as she passes to and fro, strictly guarded by matrons and old *duennas*; but not a single word, or one bewitching kiss, can the despairing lover hope for until she is brought home to his house, his lawful consort and partner for life; then, and not till then, commences the great seclusion of the ladies of the Turkish harem."

On this subject Risk Allah never tires of writing, or the reader of reading. It comes up again and again, *à propos* of anything and everything. We fear that our Syrian medico is a little given to confidences on things delicate or forbidden. Here is a story which is the very thing for a morning gossip:—

At this time several British officers were travelling over Syria in all directions on diplomatic missions. These endeavored to ascertain the exact capabilities of every town and village, as regards the number of men that could bear arms, the number of cattle, horses, etc.; the arms and quantity of ammunition, and the proportion that the Moslem population bore to the Christians. Of these gallant officers, one was sent to Damascus, and whilst residing there, he was very much captivated by the beauty of the Moslem ladies. On first arriving, this gay Lothario was well re-

ceived by the grey-bearded authorities; but he soon lost caste; reports and complaints were of every day occurrence; this white stranger would persist in making love to the Moslem ladies, and the Moslem girls would persist in making love to him. This was a dreadful state of affairs; but this was not all, for even the old Armenian patriarch was roused into wrath by discovering that a timid little Armenian girl was actually head-over-ears in love with the feather-crowned stranger, or rather with his money. There was no standing this. The people said it was a crying shame, and reported it to the Cadi; the Cadi complained to Nedjid Pacha; and the Pacha, who was one of the old school, and a right down Frank hater, complained to the Commander-in-Chief of the English forces at Beyrout. The Commander-in-Chief sent several officers up to Damascus to investigate the case, which was tried in open divan before the Pacha, who summoned such as had charges against the gallant officer to appear before him. The charges brought against him were two-fold. First, that he had endeavored to subvert the minds of the people from rendering due homage to Ottoman authority by asking them such significant questions as, for instance, If the English were to lay siege to the country, with which of the powers would you side? The second charge was, the heinous offence of making love to some score of Turkish damsels, besides the Armenian lady in question. The first charge was thrown out as frivolous, absurd, and annoying; the second was fully proved. I acted as *turjuman* Bashi to the court of inquiry, and from the circumstance of the gentleman being in a foreign land, I was naturally disposed to lean rather to the side of the Englishman. The Mohammedans observed this and were very spiteful against me. The result of all this was, that the military gentleman was advised to leave Damascus; but he, availing himself of a moonless night, put a termination to the whole affair, by starting off for the sea-coast, carrying away with him a fair young widow, who had captured his heart by her dancing, and to whom he was ultimately married; and, for aught I know to the contrary, they are to this day a very loving and happy couple. Strange to say, neither understood a word of each other's language, and it would appear, from this example, that words are not necessary where such expressive things as eyes and flowers are brought into play.

Certain chapters are devoted to a formal description of Syrian life,—a life abounding in ceremonial customs, infinitely graceful, ancient and picturesque. We know of few books in which the Eastern atmosphere is so preserved,—in which the daily routine of the household and the feelings which surround and impress their character on the march of domestic events, are so nicely indicated. Polygamy naturally occupies some share of attention; and in spite of the hints and hopes expressed in the following paragraph, we are not sure that our Syrian does not regard the patriarchal institution with great respect.

I may here be permitted to say, that I trust many of my fair readers will, after perusing this, feel convinced of the binding and solemn nature of the marriage tie amongst Christians in Syria. I have been continually asked by ladies the number of wives I left in Syria (I may here publicly state that I am not a married man, though I fervently hope some bright day, to crown my earthly bliss with an English wife) — they seemed quite incredulous on my informing them, that only one is permitted by our religion — that we are not Mohammedans — that religion alone, admitting of four lawful wives besides concubines; but I can confidently assert, that the greater part of even these have but one wife. Possibly, in default of issue, another may be taken — this, however, is the *exception*, not the *rule*; and though polygamy has existed to a greater or less extent in the East since the days of the Psalmist David, and his son, the wise king Solomon, still, where it is mostly practised now-a-days is amongst the wild Arab tribes, south of Gaza and the Nossairigh. Of these latter I have known an instance of a man marrying two wives on the same day, both young maidens from different villages. But amongst the Turks the practice is anything but prevalent; in proof of which I may quote, as instances, the late Grand Vizier Ali Pacha, the former one, Reschid Pacha, and Cabuli Effendi, the present talented Secretary for foreign affairs, and most of the leading Turkish gentlemen who have resided in Christian countries, all these have but one wife.

We need not quote any further, though we have marked many other picturesque and enticing paragraphs. The reader will see that here is a genuine book, so far as its descriptive scenes are concerned, written by a man who knows his subject, and is capable of writing on it with fluency and ease.

**SPANISH MANNERS AT THE HAVANA.** — A very lovely group of the invalid pilgrims who come with every winter to this latitude, stood in the front line of the side isle (of the church), waiting for the crowd to pass, when two or three of the little elegantly-dressed duodecimo Spaniards walked around, and, planting themselves in front, looked deliberately into their bonnets, as you would look into the open pane of a post-office window. The ladies at first raised their hands to their faces, or turned an enquiring look to their companions, evidently thinking the gentleman may have seen a wasp or tarantula — lip or cheek in danger — to call for such close investigation; but, as the stare continued, they turned their backs with evident surprise and displeasure. They were not aware that, by the custom of the country, they were receiving a polite tribute of admiration. The Spanish lady goes home very discontented from promenade or public resort if she was not *walked up to and looked at*. The windows of their houses are like halves of bird-cages thrust out from the wall, and, as they sit out in the street, with only an iron grating be-

tween them and the passer-by, they feel slighted if he does not slacken his pace and gaze deliberately into the dark eyes open to him. It is an innocent admission of what beauty is supposed to be made for, and why jewels are worn, and hair braided — *to be seen*. And this custom, I think, partly gives the key to what strikes the stranger as a peculiarity in the physiognomy of this people. There is no *dodge* in the Spanish eye. In man or woman, it comes round to you as fair and square as the side of a decanter — fearless and unwinking as an open inkstand. It has nothing to conceal or avoid. It can receive no offence from another's look — it can give none by its own. This seems to me a very great beauty. I am sorry for the twenty reasons why it cannot be a peculiarity of a "fast" country like ours, with its exciting rivalries, and highly-civilized improvements upon Nature. The rarest thing in New York is a calm, trusting, open, and unsuspicious eye. — *N. P. Willis*.

#### THE LITTLE ANGEL'S FEAST IN CHILI.

When a child dies not exceeding three or four years of age, its parents do not lament or grieve for it, which they would consider heresy. As soon as the child commences to suffer the agonies of death, its parents make preparations for feasting it. The day of its death they kill the fatted calf, and all the turkeys and fowls there are in the house; they also buy a barrel of Mosto wine, hire singers and dancers, and spread the report that Don So-and-so will celebrate the Little Angel. When the child is dead, it is dressed and decked with flowers of all kinds, its face is smeared with crimson, and it is then seated on a table to preside and authorize the feast. The Little Angel I saw was adorned just as I have described it; moreover, that the child may appear alive, they place two small sticks between the eyelids, the eyes remaining thus forcibly open. At the arrival of the singers, revellers and dancers, the feast commences, and very soon it is converted into the most furious, licentious, and unbounded carousal. The parents encourage and stimulate the revels; and the more the father drinks and encourages the company, so much more glory will the Little Angel enjoy, in heaven. The parents do not give this feast with the sole object of celebrating and increasing the glory of their Little Angel. The carousal helps them to sell their beef, cazuela, chanchito arrollado, cider and the Mosto: and after twenty-four hours find that they have made a clear profit of twenty or thirty dollars. The father's speculation does not end here; after he has negotiated with his child's body, he lets it out to the highest bidder for twenty-four hours, who, following the father's course, recovers his expenses and ten or twelve dollars into the bargain. In this manner the Little Angel goes round as vile merchandise, giving its heirs the mean fruit of a corpse's profanation. The Little Angel I saw, was in its third hire, beginning to decay in spite of the incense and Eau de Cologne that soothed the smell of corruption. — *South American Journal*.

From The Athenæum.

*History of the Constituent Assembly* (1789).  
By A. de Lamartine. Vol. I. Vizetelly  
& Co.

THERE are some subjects of which the interest never fails. Treat them how you will—poetically, dramatically, critically; as a group of facts, as a series of fancies—they rouse attention, hold the heart in thrall, and wake emotions, bright, vivid, personal, enduring as those which wait on individual experience. Such subjects are, the Peloponnesian War—the last days of the Roman Republic—the story of Mohammed—the discoveries of Columbus—the life of Mary, Queen of Scots—the Civil War in England—the French Revolution, and others. The last here named is perhaps the most brilliant of all themes for the historic pen. It has the charm of mystery. Its theatre was a world. It touched all interests, quickened all pulses, enlarged all systems, vivified all ideas. It was a part of human life—it was a powerful and dramatic contribution to the history of the human mind.

At the opening of the august and striking spectacle, the Revolution was everything to everybody. It existed in all hearts as a principle and a hope before it took external form. The king on the throne wooed it to approach. The minister called to it from his cabinet with smiles. The noble welcomed it in the interests of his pride. The philosopher desired it as an auxiliary of reform. Court ladies prayed for it as a novelty. The people asked for its advent as a means. All minds, all hearts, all consciences, conspired to aid the dramatic action, to bring about the terrible catastrophe. Each party, each person, saw in it himself—the hope of promoting his own interests, the means of developing his own ideas, of impressing his own thought on the future institutions of France.

Hence arose universal disappointment with the Revolution. It answered no expectation. It owned no guidance, obeyed no hand; it swept on like the march of Destiny, crushing friend and foe, deaf to all cries, indifferent to all emotions, trampling down kings and shoe-blacks, royalists and jacobins, fools and philosophers, with the same merciless unconcern as would an earthquake or a falling mountain. Hence is it still a mystery, strange as the human heart itself.

That men who look upon the riddle afterwards, who try to read and make intelligible to the common eye the hieroglyphic story, should read it variously is only natural. As the Revolution at its opening meant everything to everybody—to the king a pastime, to the minister income, to the clergy ceremonial, to the noble popularity, to the philoso-

pher debate, to the peasant bread, to the citizen equality, to the young agitation, to the aged peace—so is it even now, as a story and a monument, everything to everybody. No two writers can agree as to how it came, what it meant, how far it was a curse, how far a blessing. To an Echerolles, it was a series of personal calamities, not very pleasant to any one and particularly unpleasant to the Echerolles people. To a Thiers it was chiefly a great military spectacle. Louis Blanc sees in it only the first protest in favor of Communistic ideas. To a Larochejacquelin it was a war against priests and altars. Marat sees in it nothing but a great act of phlebotomy. Buonarroti knows little of the Revolution, except so far as it was an instrument to coerce butchers and bakers into low prices. Thus, each writer paints for us, according to his skill and knowledge, not *the* Revolution, but *his* Revolution.

The aspects of the Revolution are no doubt infinitely various. To a people like the French this is embarrassing,—for the French intellect is before all things fond of a definition. It likes to condense a drama into a phrase, to describe a revolution in an epigram. Each author tries therefore, to select his *mot*—his word for circulation—to write, as it were, his joke, his text, his summary of the Revolution, on the frontispiece of his volume. Necker says the Revolution meant Finance—Thiers says Glory—Louis Blanc says Socialism—Lacretelle says intrigue—Buonarroti says Starvation. M. de Lamartine, of course, has also his *mot*. With him the Revolution meant the Press. It was the press, as he affirms in an eloquent passage, “which condenses, on a page of paper that may be concealed in the hands of a child, thoughts sufficient to explode a world—which circulates like the air—which illuminates like light—which speaks amidst silence—and which participates, as it were, in the immateriality and invisibility of thought itself”—that created the Revolution. This explanation, though plausible beyond the plausibility of most other theories—inasmuch as other causes may be freely traced to the action of thought as brought to bear on minds through the ministry of printer’s ink—is not tenable as a whole. But we will not flatter ourselves that we, any more than M. de Lamartine, can reduce the French Revolution to the compass of a *bon mot*.

This new contribution to the library of the Revolution opens well. M. de Lamartine has his peculiar views, his personal style. His history, so far as we can judge it by a first volume, is unlike other histories. He deals more than his rivals with personal matters, with adventures, with pictorial details—so that his work has all the charms of romance. Sometimes, too, his sentiment, his poetic sen-

sibility, his eclectic interest in everything noble and great, lead him into rhapsody and political paradox, and seduce him into the free use of colors, rosy and bright in themselves, rather than belonging absolutely to his subject. In this however, there is something graceful and generous. Historians are so apt to read events by one light only — to confine nature and providence to one side of the arena — that it is rather a pleasant novelty — pleasant even when wrong — to find a writer who can see good in those who reject his own shibboleth.

The portraits in this volume are admirable. Here, for example, is Necker, done to the life:—

His countenance displayed the man. Pride, solemnity, stateliness, devoid of character, a lofty forehead, a confident eye, a close and not ungracious mouth, foreign features, in which German gravity struggled with French shallowness; self-satisfaction, disdain for others, affected good nature, feigned modesty, the attitude of a servant who protects his master, a look that canvassed for esteem, a lachrymose and wordy sensibility, out of place in public affairs; an equivocal philosopher, who accepted the caresses of atheism while kneeling to the state religion; a visible intoxication of sectarian popularity; a real honesty, but one which displayed itself with the parade of charlatanism, and which dwelt with ostentation on its slightest acts, public or private; an advertisement of virtue, a part of perpetual indecision between the loyal subject, the infatuated parvenu, and the popular man of faction — such was the exterior, and such was the man; original type of the politicians of that docterial, self-sufficient, and supercilious school which agitated and governed for two reigns, the progeny of Necker, the schoolmen of the Revolution. \* \* He undertook subjects for the French Academy, in which politics and administration were connected with literature. His heavy and emphatic eloquence affected the sensibility of Jean Jacques Rousseau, without possessing its fascination. The words virtue, religion, humanity, philosophy, love for the people, public felicity, sanctified his books in the eyes of the financiers, while his knowledge of commercial and administrative economy imposed upon men of letters. The caresses bestowed by his wife upon the arbiters of literary taste prepared the way for his success. The respectful worship which Madame Necker professed for the genius of her husband was communicable to all her society; it was believed on her assertion. M. Necker had thus become in the eyes of public opinion a mystery of genius, of virtue, and of practical capacity, which no one had ascertained, but all attested. His respectability formed a sect in Paris. It was the epoch when a craving for prodigies agitated the imaginations of those who were weary of the actual present; when Mesmer, Saint-Martin, and Cagliostro exercised their fascinations; and when a certain dose of charlatanism was essential even to merit and to virtue.

Calonne, his rival in finance, whose maxim was "profusion" — Maurepas, who governed France for years in jokes — Malesherbes and other ministers, are finely painted. On Marie Antoinette the poet has bestowed all his skill, and he paints her outlines and records the story of her life with infinite grace, eloquence, and delicacy:—

This princess, who was herself but fifteen years old, and whom nature had endowed with grace, beauty, and intelligence, calculated to decorate all worldly thrones, and to fascinate all human kind, was, for a long time, in the eyes of her husband the Dauphin, nothing more than a premature and troublesome gift of destiny. Love had not yet begun to blossom in that cold, heavy, and tardy nature. A slight malformation which his modesty had prevented him from revealing and correcting by the aid of art, inspired him with more repugnance than attraction towards beauty. His marriage festival had been transformed into a public calamity by a conflagration which consumed the scaffolding of the Parisian *feu-de-joie* in the Champs-Élysées, and which, driving the panic-stricken crowd into the neighboring streets and the fosses of the Tuileries, caused the death of hundreds of old men, women, and children, suffocated under the crushing weight of the multitude. The national prejudice, already averse to the introduction of an Austrian princess to the royal bed of France, was overcast as by a sinister omen at a disaster of which that princess had been the innocent cause. The splendor, the attraction, the invincible seduction of the young Dauphiness triumphed, however, over this preage in the eyes of the court and of the people. She became the idol of the nation."

Here we have the royal pair at the moment of accession to the throne. The reader will like to compare this picture with the well-known passage in which Carlyle has described the death of Louis the Fifteenth. —

Louis XV. died at Versailles on the 10th May, 1774, while the Dauphin, the Dauphiness, the royal family, the court, and the gentlemen of the household were silently awaiting his last sigh in the ante-chambers of the royal apartment. In their uncertainty of the moment when the old monarch might cease to exist, when etiquette required that the new King should quit the palace of the defunct one, it had been concerted with the chiefs of the royal stables — whose duty it was to bring forward the carriages — that a wax taper, which was burning in a window of the royal bedchamber, should be extinguished at the moment when the dying monarch had breathed his last, and that this should be the silent signal for the entrance of the equipages into the courts of the palace. At the moment the taper was extinguished, the Dauphin, who had retired with the Dauphiness into their apartment, heard a sound like a rumbling peal of thunder in the interior of the palace. He arose, disturbed at the approach of so unusual a noise. It was occa-



sioned by the hurried footsteps of hundreds of courtiers and officers of the crown, who were rushing from the ante-chambers of the late king to precipitate themselves into those of the future monarch. At such a sound — which tumultuously announced from the very first moment a reign of noise and agitation — the youthful King and Queen instinctively fell upon their knees, and elevating their hands together, exclaimed as with one voice, "May God protect us! we are too young to reign!" The King was scarcely twenty, the Queen not nineteen; and the kingdom worn out with the vices of the last reign, would have required, to raise and consolidate it, the eagle-eye of genius, the heart of heroism, and the maturity of a sage."

Marie Antoinette had not escaped the breath of calumny even before her entrance into France. When she arrived in Paris, it was to take her place in the most dissolute court in Europe — then governed by a courtesan, Madame du Barry — as the wife of a youth who was half idiot, half ascetic. If circumstances ever can explain or palliate the fall of woman, the levities of Marie Antoinette would have that explanation, be it good or worthless. M. de Lamartine continues: —

Her precocious beauty eclipsed that of Madame du Barry, the favorite of Louis XV., and the modern Phryne. But the beauty of Madame du Barry was that of a courtesan; the beauty of Marie-Antoinette was that of a princess. Nature had adorned her with all the gifts that made her, as a woman, an object of admiration, and, as a Queen, an object for adoration; in shape tall, her movements were swan-like in carriage and deportment; in elegance such as to lose nothing of her majesty; her hair was blonde and silken, and its warm tints reminded the beholder of the wavy tresses of Titian; a lofty oval forehead, like to those of the fair daughters of the Danube; eyes of liquid azure, in which the calm and the tempest of the soul made the look by turns sleep or undulate; the nose slightly aquiline; the mouth Austrian, of her family, that is, a mingling of pride and of a smile; the chin turned up; her color heightened by the chill climate of the north; an irresistible grace shed like a youthful vapor over all her features, and which did not allow her to be viewed but through an atmosphere of fire or of inebriation.

Of her husband, the King, we are told: —

A prince of his age, and of another temperament, would have been infatuated; he remained cold, absent, and indifferent to all those charms. Nature approached in vain to the circle of his passive soul in order there to awaken love. The Princess was for a long period nothing more to her husband than the Dauphiness, to be ostentatiously presented at the public ceremonies for the admiration of the court and of the people.

Thus neglected, we are told that Marie Antoinette, —

surrounded on the one side by persons for whom she felt antipathy, and on the other by characters who exposed her to great dangers, she felt all the wearisomeness of youth, the ennui of gravity, and the eagerness for amusements, the headstrong levity of a child to whom toys are shown and then taken away. With melancholy feelings she compared the morose and disgraceful coldness of her husband with the handsome, agreeable, elegant, and complaisant Count d'Artois, who was then the delight of the court. She formed a connection innocently, but futilely, with this prince and the females who were the equivocal companions of his amusements. The extravagant freaks of this young party, which were concealed from the eyes of the Dauphin, or tolerated by him with apathetic indifference, became the amusement of the courtiers, the talk of Versailles, and the scandal of Paris. Youth, inexperience, the absence of all serious advice, the thirst of amusements interdicted to her rank, the seductions of opportunities, and the facile complicity of the women in her service, threw Marie Antoinette into imprudences which sometimes assumed the appearance of irregularities. She, unknown to her husband, planned a nocturnal trip to Paris, under the escort of the Count d'Artois, then young as she was. She, with one or two of her women, threw herself into a private carriage, which whirled her rapidly to Paris, and there, disguised in dresses of character, and as a shepherdess, which concealed her majesty without hiding her name, she passed the night under a mask at the public festivities, or in a ball at the opera; she was pleased to be there recognized by the pliancy of her form, or by the beauty of her hands; she there listened without anger to the homage offered to her beauty, as it flattered her pride without having the right to offend her rank. Sometimes, accompanied by a single servant-woman, she got into the common coaches, then stationed on the public roads, and a vehicle, without a name, transported in the night time the future Queen of France to the portal of a theatre: while her husband who was the butt of raillery of the courtiers, was fast asleep at Versailles. These levities, applauded by those who participated in them, betrayed at Versailles, talked of in Paris, magnified and incriminated by public malignity, became the conversation of France, and the scandal of Europe. Motives were attributed to them which perverted the whole. The favorite beauties were named; the favored lovers were pointed out; the Dauphin was pitted; the Count d'Artois was blamed; the almost general licentiousness of morals then prevailing revenged itself by incriminating, with the most rigid severity, the thoughtlessness of youth at court. Public opinion, which had at first idolized Marie-Antoinette, then conceived impressions against her which were never effaced.

That Louis awoke at last to a sense of the incomparable beauty of his wife is well known. That he then doated on her, trusted her, indulged her whims and crochets with a fondness and a folly only equalled by his former

apathy, is also known. It was the same to her. Nothing serious, either in pleasure, business, or passion, ever entered into that volatile and flighty head. Her love of female favorites, though seemingly harmless, in its results was as mischievous as are generally the private preferences of royalty in the other sex. Our author tells us that—

A charming and virtuous princess, Madame de Lamballe, was her idol before she became the victim of her destiny. At the first word she raised her to the functions of superintendence of her household, breaking by violence, in order to bring her nearer to herself, all the rights, and disregarding the murmurs, of persons more anciently belonging to the court. This attachment, pure and disinterested on the part of the Princess de Lamballe, constituted for some months the happiness of Marie-Antoinette. One year afterwards she saw at a court fête a young lady of eighteen years, the handsomest and most attractive woman of that time; it was the Countess Jules de Polignac. Marie-Antoinette instantly sought to obtain at any price the friendship of this beauty. She inquired the reasons that had kept that young lady away from the court up to that time, and was informed that the contracted fortune of the ancient house of the Polignacs had kept her in obscurity in the country. She filled up with titles, with court situations, and with fortune, the distance which separated her from the unknown lady; she brought her into contact with the court; she gave her the first rank in her household; she asked her for her affection, and she lavished on her all her own, and made this friend reign over all her wishes. She created, by the side of the official court, an intimate and personal court, of which Madame de Polignac was the sovereign centre, and she appeared herself therein less as a Queen than as a friend. \* \* But soon this veil did not seem sufficiently dense. The Queen, tired of the pomp and of the clear day of her palaces, asked the King for a rustic house, and one retired, in the midst of a modern garden and on the confines of a grove. The King with pleasure gave her the Petit-Trianon. She there hid her life with Madame de Polignac and a small number of friends. There she enjoyed herself in solitude and rural felicity; the smallness of the dwelling, the rusticity of the gardens, the nakedness of the apartments, the suppression of all ceremony, the affected simplicity of dress, made the Queen be forgotten in the mistress of the cottage. The King himself did not come there in royal state, but as a private individual. The delights of the gardens, the cultivation of flowers, the rural occupations of the dairy, the repasts under the shade of the trees, the music concealed in the woods, the illuminations reflected from the waters, the walks by the light of the moon, the theatrical representations, in which the Queen herself caused her charms and her voice to be applauded in various parts—such as that of Rosina in Beaumarchais' comedy; hours altogether dedicated to the care of her beauty; the fashions, which were raised to the importance of state affairs; the milliners and the hairdressers, who had

become real ministers of vanities; the small number admitted, the great number refused; the mystery, the demi-confidences, the interpretations, those calumnies of ignorance, changed this retreat into a Caprea, and those mysteries into crimes. Her very innocence made the Queen disdain all those murmurs of opinion. A thunderbolt awoke her from those enchantments.

This "thunderbolt" was the famous case of the pearl necklace. M. de Lamartine exculpates the Queen from any guilty share in this mysterious matter—in which a Queen and a common girl, a cardinal and an *intrigante*, a friar, an Italian (whom history has hesitated how to describe) Cagliostro, and a thief, were all mixed up together, and placed at the bar of public opinion as accomplices. This strange story is here related at considerable length:—but we have not space to dwell on its dubious and exciting details.

Not a little space is given in this opening volume, as was most needful, to an account of Mirabeau. Nowhere have we seen this tribune of the people, this conspirator of the court, so magnificently painted as in these pages. M. de Lamartine has enjoyed the advantage of perusing the unpublished papers of the Mirabeau family; out of which he has gleaned particulars—family feelings and failings as well as knowledge of facts—such as throw new light on his early career, and on what may be called his private life. Here are some notes by the elder Mirabeau on his hopeful son at various ages, brought together; the expressions occur in letters to his brother, the tribune's uncle:—

"I have nothing to tell you about my enormous son," wrote the father, a few months after his birth, "except that he beats his nurse." "He is as ugly as the son of Satan," he added a year after. "It is a sand in which nothing remains," he said when the child was five years old. "I have put him into the hands of Poisson, who is attached to me like a spaniel. Thank him very much for the education he is giving the monkey. Let him make a firm citizen of him, that is all that's necessary. With these qualities he will make the race of pigmies tremble who play the part of grandes of the court!" "There is a part in a comedy to be performed this evening, by a young monster whom they call my son, but who, if he were the son of our greatest actor, could not more naturally be a buffoon, a mimic, and a comedian. His body grows, his babbling increases, and his features are becoming marvelously ugly,—ugly beyond all possible rivalship; and, still more, he's a random speechifier. He is sickly; and if I were obliged to create a substitute for him, where on earth should I find another specimen of such stuff? He is turbulent, and yet he is also gentle and complying, but his complaisance becomes foolish. He is all back and belly, like Punch, but capable of acting on occasions like the tortoise, patiently presenting

his shell to a storm of blows; thus this great monster of a Gabriel goes begging everywhere, that he may bestow charity on beggars, following in this respect the example of his mother, in spite of everything I can say to them that there is nothing more contrary to my principles. The other day, at one of those fetes which we sometimes give, and where prizes are bestowed on the best runners, he gained a prize of a hat; and turning towards another child who had no cap, he put his own cap, which was a good one, on the head of the young peasant, exclaiming: "Take you that—I have n't got two heads!" At the moment he appeared to me like the emperor of the world. Something of a divine character shone rapidly in his countenance. I thought of it, I wept over it, and the lesson did me good." But a few days after, as if repenting his emotion, this father wrote to his brother: "It has only just sprung forth, and the overflowing is already complete: it is a contrary, fantastic, impetuous, troublesome spirit, with a leaning to evil before it knows what evil is, or is capable of effecting any: a lofty heart under the jacket of a child; a strange but noble pride; the embryo of a Hector in a slurry, that wishes to swallow up all the world, before he is twelve years old!"

Of Mirabeau's love affairs, his debts, his wanderings in many lands, we have here the story, wrought out in the highest style, of our poetical historian. His affair with Madame de Monnier is told with some new particulars; and for those who wish to gain a thorough insight into the mental constitution of this extraordinary being, we know of scarcely any better study than his conduct to Sophie de Monnier from first to last.

Mirabeau absconded; but instead of flying to Switzerland, he concealed himself in the town of Pontarlier, where the charms of Madame de Monnier still retained him. Information of his residence at Pontarlier, and of his interviews with Sophie spread again through the province. The family of De Ruffey, to remove Madame de Monnier from the place, summoned her to Dijon, Mirabeau followed her thither in secret. Their intercourse being suspected, they were watched and discovered. Mirabeau was arrested by the king's order, and shut up in the castle of Dijon, while Sophie returned to her husband at Pontarlier. The irresistible seduction of Mirabeau was exercised at Dijon as at Joux, and at the Châteaun d'Iff, on those who guarded him. M. de Montherot, commandant of the Castle of Dijon, could not prevent his military and compassionate heart from loving, pitying, and serving the young man. He forwarded without scruple the correspondence of Mirabeau with Madame de Monnier, his family, and the ministers; he wrote himself to M. de Malesherbes, and to the Minister-of-War, for the pardon of his prisoner, and to solicit his liberation. He even allowed him to go at liberty, on his parole, to Dijon. Mirabeau availed himself of this door, which M. de Montherot intentionally opened for him, to fly into Switzerland. He drew nigh to Sophie, con-

cealing himself at Verriere, a hamlet of the Swiss mountains, in the vicinity of Pontarlier. On the news of this flight the families of De Ruffey and Monnier kept Sophie in strict domestic captivity at Pontarlier, but despair and love enabled her to find accomplices amongst her servants to aid her in corresponding with Mirabeau. She conjured him to permit her to sacrifice everything to their re-union. During the night she scaled the walls of M. de Monnier's garden; and, in the dress of a man, guarded only by a single guide, she clambered over the mountains which separate Pontarlier from Switzerland, crossed the frontiers, and joined Mirabeau at Verriere; there they concealed for awhile their name and their fault from the researches of their two families. They deluded themselves with solitude and with dreams: but neither the one nor the other had brought with them the necessary means of existence. Switzerland offered neither safety nor literary labor for Mirabeau, and indigence drove them to Holland. Mirabeau, as yet unknown to fame, or only known by the scandal of his youth, nobly sought work from the rich booksellers of Holland, to whom the freedom of thinking gave, at this period, a monopoly of political and philosophical publications. Rebuffed in the first instance, he persevered till he procured the publication of his "Essay on Despotism." He labored day and night upon all subjects to preserve Sophie from want; he even prostituted his pen to those licentious libels with which the venal presses of Holland at that time infected Europe. He earned his bread at the price of his modesty, and contrived by dint of his lucubrations and the servility of a hired writer, to live in laborious mediocrity at Amsterdam, under the name of Sainte-Mathieu.

When the lovers were caught, carried back to Paris, and thrown into separate prisons, they continued to correspond:—

He was at length informed of the birth of his daughter in the prison of Madame de Monnier, but he was refused a sight of the child. "I could destroy everything," he wrote through a mysterious channel to its mother; I revolt against the whole universe. I could wish this moment to make you a holocaust of everything that is neither you nor me; but, very different from Jephtha, I should make an exception of my daughter." This fruit of despair did not survive. The first rigors of Mirabeau's prison were at length softened, not by paternal indulgence, but by the interest which his letters, full of the despairing eloquence of the suppliant, excited in M. Lenoir, the manager of the prison, and in M. Bouchier, the intermedium between the prisoner and the Government. He was allowed books, paper, study, and even correspondence with Sophie, unknown to the two families. Their letters, which multiplied with the hours as they flew, and were as indefatigable as hope, as burning as memory, as heart-rending as the cry of the victim on the scaffold, nourished with delirium during two years of solitude the famished soul of the prisoner. This correspondence is the longest cry of

grief, of passion, and sometimes of genius, that ever issued from the heart of man.

But what followed all this eloquence, this long protestation? M. de Lamartine shall say:—

Wearied, broken down by solitude, he descended to unworthy lapses of character to obtain his liberty. He wrote obscene books, to purchase by this infamous resource, some relief to the misery and destitution of Sophie. He lent his eloquence anonymously to his mother, in the judicial writings she published for her defence against his father: a species of mental parricide which no resentment could excuse, and which he himself did not attempt to palliate when his conscience regained its proper tone. He debased himself to his father by supplications and hollow adulation that belied his sentiments and his honor. He negotiated without her participation, for the abandonment and banishment of Sophie, who had sacrificed herself for him at the price of her liberty. He flattered the likings and dislikings of his father to redeem his favor at an unworthy price, and by dint of these unworthy concessions of feeling and character he at length obtained his liberty. Three years' captivity had subdued him, but had rather perverted than improved his disposition. He was scarcely out of prison when he had to defend himself on the capital charge of rape, brought against him by the Monnier family, and to procure a reversal of the penalty of death to which the parliament of Besançon had condemned him. He threatened the families of De Ruffey and De Monnier with the fame of his name, the power of his talent, and the scandal of his revelations: and he

finally obtained, by the force of his threats, a compromise which saved his head, but left a stain on his probity. He stipulated, however, before everything, for the freedom and independent existence of Sophie; but though still suffering under the disgrace of his adulterous passion, he endeavored by another law-suit to constrain his outraged wife—so much did he covet her fortune—to resume his name and return to the conjugal roof. He went to Provence to plead this cause himself; there, alternately hostile and caressing, he confounded the family of De Maignan by his legal proceedings, and even went the length of revealing to the world the secrets of his domestic intercourse, and of casting the slur of dishonor upon his wife. The court gave judgment against him, and rescued from him a wife whom he himself had branded with shame, even while he summoned her back to his arms. His father having recalled him, allowed him a miserable pittance on condition of his procuring his mother's silence and undertaking the publication of his theories. He was crushed, however, under the burthen of his debts; the consequences of his faults still pursued him; his name became disreputable, his inattention and forgetfulness of Sophie, together with his disorderly life, deprived him at length of her esteem, and finally of her affection.

Other debts, other mistresses succeeded to the old. Thus was Mirabeau prepared for the game of politics—a bankrupt in money, character and heart,—great only in intellect, in sway over minds, in personal will, in clearness of vision and of purpose.

#### MID-WINTER DAY.

Ah! dim this day, Beloved, and dim thine eyes,  
But perched in yon black fir  
Bold Redbreast blithely chirrups as he flies,  
"Spring, Spring's astir!"

Spring is astir—not in my sight, but thought,  
This sunless Twenty-first,  
Because despair its cry from hope hath caught,  
"This is the worst!"

For every step adown the Alpine peak  
Leads to the laughing vale;  
The snow itself yields flowers—Beloved, thy  
cheek  
Is but as pale.

MARY BROTHERTON.

#### DECEMBER.

THE unseen Presence with the noiseless wing—  
Time—has swept bare the bounteous earth at  
last,  
And Summer's green and crimson shows have  
past  
From out men's sight, like cloud-shapes when  
winds sing.

The seeds, which from the year's great ripening  
Were shaken, and within the warm earth cast,  
Live but in future life, and slumbering fast,  
Lie waiting for the vital breath of Spring.

And all is thoughtful, vacant, dusk and still;  
A Sabbath pause, a resting everywhere,  
A sleep and a thanksgiving, which now fill  
The world, and make its bareness seem less  
bare.

The winds are laid, no sound is in the rill,  
And not a murmur ripples the smooth air.  
EDMUND OLLIER.

#### CROSS-EXAMINATION.

*Lawyer.* Will you, on your solemn oath, swear that this is not your handwriting?—*Delinquent.* I reckon not. *L.* Does it resemble your handwriting?—*D.* Yes; I think it do n't. *L.* Will you swear it don't resemble your writing?—*D.* Well, I do, old head. *L.* Then you take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours, in a single letter?—*D.* I guess I do. *L.* Now, sir, how do you know?—*D.* Cause I can't write.—*Bunn's Old England and New England.*







